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A MAY HONEYMOON.

BY WILLIAM HENRY RADGER.

The year was melting into Spring,
When first I dreamed it true.
The early flowers came blossoming
Around my love for you.
My faint heart trembled at your feet,
Like springtide's breezy bough:
But, ah, you love me! Yes, my sweet,
I know you love me now!

Erewhile I looked on cloud and stream
With summer shining through.
And asked of many a vanished dream
If I must mourn for you.
If when the snow came, we should part—
A withered bud, your vow.
But, ah, you love me, dearest heart!
I know you love me now.

Nor autumn wind, nor winter storm,
Though wilder never blew,
Shall chill your passion summer warm,
Or drift my heart from you.
You know me yours whate'er betide,
By more than kiss or vow,
I know you love me. Ah, my bride!
I know you love me now.

CAST UP BY THE SEA!

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "East Lynne," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS.

Colonel Moncton, an American officer, in the course of his travels in England, finds himself at a village called Dancabald, in a wild part of the coast, over one hundred and fifty miles distant from London. In the vicinity of the Castle he meets the Dane family—Lord and Lady Dane, Captain Dane, their son; and Lady Adelaide Errol. He introduces himself, is cordially welcomed by Captain Dane, whom he had formerly known when in America, and after some conversation Colonel Moncton takes him on board his yacht, which had brought him here.

Meanwhile Ravensbird, Captain Dane's servant, in a conversation with Lady Adelaide's French maid, Sophie, learns that while Lady Adelaide has been openly encouraging and receiving the attentions of Captain Dane, and all but engaged to him, she is secretly attached to Herbert Dane, his cousin, and meets him every night at the ruins of an old chapel close by. He is indignant at her treachery to his master, and at first incredulous; but Sophie tells him, if he will not believe her, to go that night to the ruins, and see for himself.

He does, and, himself unseen, witnesses the meeting of the lovers in the ruined chapel on the height overlooking the sea, and heard Lady Adelaide say she wished that Captain Dane was in that sea.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

Mr. Dane and Lady Adelaide moved from the entrance, and began to pace slowly round and round the chapel outside, conversing confidentially, she drawn close to his side. It was their general walk when they met there; keeping close to the dark ivied walls, their presence and movements could not be detected from a distance, should there be any night stragglers about. Richard Ravensbird caught a sentence now and then, sufficient to hear that their themes of conversation were their own mutual affection, their plans for the future, and mocking ridicule of the credulity of the Honorable Captain Captain Dane. His blood bubbled up to boiling heat, as it had done in the interview with Sophie; but he had no resource but to force it down to calmness.

They lingered together for about a quarter of an hour, pacing round continually, and then Lady Adelaide, enveloping her head once more in the hood, flew back, alone, to the castle. Mr. Dane leaned against the ivy, and watched her to it, as he had watched her come. Prudence suggested that she should go alone. That the Lady Adelaide, giddy girl, should trip out in the moonlight within the precincts of the castle, might be thought nothing of, did any prying eye observe her; but for her to trip out with Mr. Herbert Dane would have set eyes speculating and tongues talking. Next, when she was fairly in, Mr. Herbert Dane sauntered away, and he was followed, after awhile, by Richard Ravensbird. The latter had decided on his line of conduct; for he was a man given to form plans with prompt decision, and to execute them firmly.

The following morning, Lady Dane, her son, and Adelaide, met at breakfast; Lord Dane never rose so early. Adelaide was dressed in a flowing muslin robe, whose prevailing tint was peach color, while lace open sleeves shaded her wrists, matching her lace collar; her cheeks were flushed, her blue eyes were bright, and her auburn hair gleamed in the morning sun.

"You were home late last night, Harry, were you not?" Lady Dane observed to her son.

"Rather so," he replied. "It was past twelve, I think. Moncton and I got talking over old days, and the time slipped away."

"I suppose the yacht leaves this morning; or has left."

"Not until to-night. Her captain found out something wrong in her, some trifling damage to be repaired, which was the reason he put into the bay; and they could not get it completed yesterday, so they don't leave till evening."

Lady Adelaide looked up.

"Colonel Moncton will be here, then, to-day?"

"Very probably. He gave me a half promise last night that he would come for his introduction. I know you will like him, Adelaide. And he is looking forward to the future pleasure of welcoming you to his own home."

She tossed back her pretty head somewhat defiantly.

"I don't know about liking him. Many of your friends, whom you praise up to the skies, I don't like at all, Captain Dane."

"Captain Dane!" he echoed; and there was a pained irritation in his voice, reproachful tenderness in his glance.

"'Harry,' then," she good-humoredly rejoined, for Lady Dane had turned her disapproving eye upon her, "if you are ashamed of the other name."

"Not ashamed of it, Adelaide; but I like a different one from you."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Adelaide, half laughing, half in petulance, as she threw herself back in her chair. "How crooked and contrary things do go in this world!"

"What goes crooked with you, Adelaide?" asked Lady Dane.

"Oh, I don't know, aunt. Plenty of things. Sophie was as cross as two sticks this morning; and my little canary is ill."

"Grave sources of discomfort," said Captain Dane, with a smile; "but scarcely sufficient to make you unhappy, Adelaide."

"Do you dine on board the yacht again to-night?" was all her rejoinder.

"I shall get Moncton to dine here, if I can," was his reply, "should it not interfere with his sailing. But I expect they will be putting to sea about that time."

"At what hour does the tide serve!" asked Lady Dane.

"High tide at ten to-night. They'll be off by nine, I dare say. Adelaide, would you like to go on board and inspect her? she is a beautiful little thing, and Moncton would be so pleased to welcome you."

She gently shook her head.

"No, thank you, Harry; I don't care for yachts. But I shall be glad to make the acquaintance of Colonel Moncton, should you bring him here."

As Captain Dane was quitting the room after breakfast, his servant accosted him:

"Could you allow me to speak to you for a few minutes, sir?"

"What about?" asked Captain Dane, feeling a sort of surprise.

"I wanted to say a few words upon a matter, personal matter to yourself, sir."

"Very well. I am going to my room to write letters; you can come now."

They proceeded to the captain's apartment. Ravensbird held the door open for his master to enter, and then followed him in; and the door was closed upon them.

Lady Dane rang the bell for the servants to clear away the breakfast things; and it was done. She then reached her prayer-book, and began reading to herself the morning psalms, as was her custom upon the conclusion of breakfast. Adelaide did not care to join in the exercise, and Lady Dane would not press it: she was wise enough to know that none can be forced into religion. It must come spontaneously, of their own conviction, their right feeling; and she hoped it would in time come to Adelaide. She sat in her easy-chair, near the fire; Adelaide stood behind her, looking from the window.

It was one of those warm, balmy, brilliant mornings that we sometimes get in early spring. The sky was blue, the sun was shining, the hedges were putting forth their green, and the spring flowers were opening. But not at any of these, pleasant objects though they were, gazed Lady Adelaide; genial sun, the calm sky, the shooting hedges, and the smiling flowers were as nothing to her; she did not cast a thought to the blue expanse of sea, stretched out in the distance, or to its stately vessels sailing along; she did not heed the cheerful villas near, or the busy laborers at work on the farm-lands; no, her attention was fixed on something else.

Astride upon the very gate where you saw him yesterday, was Herbert Dane. He might often be seen there; was it so favored by him because it was in full view of the castle windows, and of a beautiful face which was wont to appear at them? He had discarded the fishing-rod of yesterday, but he held in his hand a silver-mounted riding whip, with which he kept switching, first his own boots, then the bars of the gate. Think you Adelaide Errol could see any other object with *him* in view? As she appeared at the window, he raised his hat, though so far away; a stranger would have seen nothing in the act but the ordinary courtesy of a gentleman; Adelaide probably saw much, and imagined more.

How long he stood there looking she could not have told, for she was taking no heed of the time; ten minutes it may have been. And then she was abruptly startled, as in fact was the whole castle, by unusual sounds of anger and contention on the corridor above. Lady Dane started from her chair in alarm, and Adelaide sprang to the door and pulled it open.

Captain Dane and his servant, Ravensbird, were quarreling—quarreling as it appeared, for the voices of both were raised in a fierce passion. Both seemed in violent anger, in uncontrolable excitement; the captain was red with fury, the servant was livid; and just as Lady Dane and Adelaide appeared, the captain pushed the man to the top of the stairs, and kicked him down them.

Ravensbird stumbled as he got to the foot, where stood the ladies. He took no notice of them, but he turned round, looked up defiantly at his master, and raised his clenched fist.

"Take care of yourself, Captain Dane!" he hissed. "I shall never lose sight of this insult, until I have repaid it."

"Good heavens, Henry!" uttered Lady Dane, in agitation, as the man disappeared down the lower stairs, "what is this about? what has he done?"

"Never mind, mother; he won't trouble the peace of the castle a second time. I have dismissed him."

"But what had he done?"

"The wicked hound!" burst forth Captain Dane. "He would have traduced one who was dear to me."

Richard Ravensbird was already outside the gates of the castle, first ordering one of the wondering footmen to send his clothes and other property after him. As he passed Herbert Dane, who was still astride on the gate, the latter was struck with the ghastly, enraged look of his face.

"What's up, Ravensbird?" he hastily asked.

The man stopped, and answered, giving each word its full force.

"I have been kicked out of the castle, sir."

"Kicked out of the castle!" repeated Herbert, in astonishment. "By whom? Not by its lord?" he added, with an attempt at a joke.

"I have been ignominously kicked down stairs, in the sight of Lady Dane, and ordered out of the castle. He who did it was my master. But let him look to himself. There are some insults, sir, that can only be wiped out by revenge. This is one."

"And what on earth was it for? How had you offended him?" reiterated Herbert.

"I was endeavoring to do him good, to serve him; and my friendly words—friendly I meant them to be—were taken up in a wrong light. Let him take heed to himself, I say."

Ravensbird strode on, and Herbert Dane watched him, beginning again gently to switch the little whip, which, since Ravensbird's approach, had been still.

"A queer customer to offend, he looks just now," quoth he. "What a livid face of anger it was! I think Mr. Harry *had* better take heed to himself."

Nothing more came out as to the squabble in the castle. Lord Dane, to whose ear the noise had penetrated, summoned his son, but the latter would enter into no details. Ravensbird had behaved infamously, and he had given him his merits, was all that could be got from Captain Dane.

A MAY HONEYMOON. "I know you love me now."—(See Poem.)

Colonel Moncton came up in the course of the morning, and paid a short visit. He was introduced to Lord and Lady Dane and Adelaide, and then he and Captain Dane went out together. Adelaide watched them from the windows; they were strolling about arm in arm. She saw them go inside the ruins of the chapel; she saw them standing on the heights and looking down at the strip of beach and the sea underneath; it appeared that Captain Dane was pointing out the features of the locality to his friend. The colonel had declined the invitation to dinner; they should be getting away, he said; but he asked Captain Dane to dine with him on board the Pearl instead, and the promise was given.

Somewhat, then, to the surprise of Lord and Lady Dane, when they assembled in the dining-room at seven o'clock, Captain Dane entered and sat down with them.

"How is this, Harry?" inquired his father. "I thought we were not to have your company this evening. Is the Pearl gone?"

"I changed my mind about going, and have despatched an apology to Moncton."

The answer was delivered in a short, cold tone, as if the speaker did not care to be questioned.

Lord Dane looked at his son keenly; he thought something had occurred to annoy him.

"You are letting that affair with Ravensbird vex you, Harry," said he.

"It has vexed me, very much indeed."

"Harry, you must take care of that man," observed Lady Adelaide. "I hear he vows vengeance against you."

Captain Dane smiled contemptuously.

"How do you know that, Adelaide?" asked Lord Dane. And the question—or the having to answer it—brought a pretty blush to her face.

"I met Herbert Dane when I was out this afternoon, and he said Ravensbird had passed him on his way from the castle, uttering threats of revenge," she replied. "Herbert said he would not care to have Ravensbird for an enemy; he thought he could be a powerful one."

A peculiar smile of anger, mixed with irony, flitted over Captain Dane's face.

"If I have no more formidable enemy than Ravensbird, I shall not hurt," he sarcastically uttered.

After that he relapsed into silence, and, when addressed, answered only in monosyllables. Nearly everything put before him he sent away untasted; there could be no doubt that he was smarting from some inward annoyance or vexation.

Lady Dane and Adelaide quitted the dining-room, leaving the two gentlemen together. The former hoped that Lord Dane would succeed in drawing from Harry what was amiss. Harry was her favorite son, and it pained her to see him like this. She took her easy chair, sat down in it before the fire; and, in thinking over matters, dropped into her usual after dinner sleep.

Then came the turn for Lady Adelaide—the moment for her stealing out to the ruins; yet she was not sure that night of meeting Herbert, for he had told her in the day he did not think he should be able to visit them. She loved him far too much, however, not to run the chance, and with quiet movements and stealthy treads, she glided down the staircase, seized the old gray cloak from its hanging nook, threw it on, stole out at a side door, and across the grass. Very quickly went she, for she was late; if Lady Dane had been one minute dropping off to sleep that night, she had been five-and-twenty.

Into a very comfortable sleep, however, had Lady Dane dropped. And longer would she have continued to enjoy it, but that she was abruptly aroused. A sound of shrieks from the direction of the ruins, broke suddenly forth on the still night air, so loud, so terrific that they disturbed even the sleeping Lady Dane. She rubbed her eyes, she listened, she raised her ear; and then she darted to the window, and threw it open.

In the clear, bright moonlight might be discerned a form speeding towards the castle from the ruins; a gray form, enveloped in a cloak, or other shrouding garment, and uttering shriek upon shriek.

Lady Dane heard the servants, whose ears had likewise caught the ominous sounds, rushing to the great gates, and in her consternation she sped thither also. The warm flood of gas from the gateway-lamp threw its light upon the entrance, and into that light, shrieking still, darted the gray form—that of Lady Adelaide Errol. She fell into violent hysterics as they caught her in their arms.

CHAPTER III.

THE FALL FROM THE CLIFF.

They bore Lady Adelaide into the hall—a spacious room, hung round with pictures, which opened from the left-hand side of the great gateway. On that side, on the ground-floor, there were but two apartments, the hall and the dining-room. At the back of the hall a handsome staircase wound up to the floor above, and near the foot of the staircase a door opened to some back passages, which led round to the kitchens and the apartments of the servants, on the other side the gateway.

Adelaide was shrieking still, sobbing and crying in strong hysterics; she was evidently under the influence of some powerful terror. The servants put her into a large arm-chair, and ran for water and for smelling salts; Lady Dane chafed her hands, and somewhat angrily demanded of her what had happened, and where she had been.

Lord Dane was in the dining-room, alone. He pulled sharply the silken string tied to his chair and attached to the bell-rope, and when Bruff, the butler, answered it, inquired haughtily what all that unseemly noise meant.

"My lord, it is Lady Adelaide. She seems to be taken ill."

"Lady Adelaide shrieking like that! What brings her down in the hall?"

"She was outside, my lord, as it appears. We heard the screams, and went to the gate, and Lady Adelaide came flying in from across the grass. I should think she must have been frightened in some way, my lord."

"I never heard of such an improbable thing!" ejaculated Lord Dane. "Lady Adelaide out at this hour! it is not likely."

The butler was too wise to maintain his assertion.

"My lady is with her," he said. "She heard the cries, too, and came down."

"Undo this," cried Lord Dane.

He meant the silk ribbon attached to his chair. The butler obeyed him, and Lord Dane touching the spring, the chair propelled itself into the hall, for it was one of those invalid chairs running upon wheels, so useful to helpless persons.

Lord Dane took himself and his chair immediately opposite to Adelaide. There he stopped. He saw that her breath was labored, that her whole frame trembled, and that she was as white as death; but she was not screaming now.

"What is all this?" he inquired, looking first at her, and then at his wife. "Have you been frightened, Adelaide?"

The question threw her into hysterics again; and Lord Dane turned for an answer to his wife.

"I know nothing about it," said Lady Dane. "I was dozing in the drawing-room, and was awakened by screams outside. I put up the window, and saw some one running from the direction of the ruins, shrieking awfully. It proved to be Adelaide."

"But what brought Adelaide out there?"

"That is what I want to learn. When I dozed off, she was sitting quietly in the drawing-room, reading."

"My dear, what took you out?" inquired Lord Dane, when she grew quiet.

She shook terribly as she answered him:

"I—I don't know."

"But you must know," reiterated Lady Dane; "you could not have walked out in your sleep. What took you out?"

Adelaide's very teeth shook as she answered the question, and she turned, if possible, more deadly white. But she pressed her two hands for full a minute upon her forehead before she spoke.

"I don't know what made me go out," she faltered; "it was very foolish. In looking from the drawing-room window, I observed what a lovely night it was, nearly as light as day, and the thought came over me that I would put on my cloak and run as far as the ruins and back. I meant no harm."

"The most senseless thing I ever heard of! such a wild-goose trick, sure, was never performed," exclaimed Lady Dane. "Had any one told me but yourself I could not have believed it."

Adelaide did not care for that; her aunt might call her senseless, and a "wild goose" for an hour, if she pleased, but what she did care for, and dread, were the keen eyes of Lord Dane, fixed penetratingly upon her. She saw he did not believe her fully.

"Let that pass," he said, as if answering his own thoughts. "What caused you to scream?"

"Oh, I cannot tell," she answered, clasping her hands in agony.

"Did any one accost you?" proceeded Lord Dane.

"No, no," she answered, eagerly. "I—I—I think I got frightened at finding myself all alone by moonlight in those chapel ruins, where the graves are."

"And so you ran home, shrieking, thinking a ghost was after you?" cried Lord Dane, who readily accepted the version.

"Y—es, I suppose so."

As Adelaide spoke the hesitating answer, she happened to catch the look of her maid, Sophie. Most strangely and earnestly was the woman's gaze fixed upon her, almost, as it seemed, in terror. Adelaide shuddered, and once more hid her face in her hands.

"I hope it will be a warning to you, my dear," said Lord Dane, "not to attempt a moonlight escapade again. You might meet a real ghost another time—or something worse."

"And you cannot say but you would deserve it," added Lady Dane, crossly. "You are as flighty as your brother. The best thing you can do now is to go to bed."

"Oh, no, no, pray no!" eagerly returned Adelaide. "I am not ill; I am not frightened now. I would rather sit up."

She looked both frightened and ill, but it was not urged. Lady Dane put her head in at the dining-room door.

"I wonder you can remain contented there, through all this noise, Harry," she cried. "Is he asleep?"

"Harry's not there," said Lord Dane. "He went out."

"Oh. Down to the yacht, probably, to see his friend off."

"I fancy so."

Lord Dane retired to the dining-room; he never appeared in the drawing-room at night. The two ladies went upstairs, and the servants dispersed. But a sudden freak—or whatever you may please to term it—took Lady Dane.

"You have made me quite nervous, Adelaide, with your shrieks and your absurdity," she exclaimed. "I should feel more comfortable with Lord Dane than up here." And, ringing the bell, she ordered the tea taken into the dining-room. So they both went down again.

Now, somewhere about the time that Lady Adelaide's cries were first heard, Mitchel, the preventive man, to whom Ravensbird had spoken the previous evening, was again nearing the same spot, in pursuance of his duty. As he turned round the ledge of rock, which there projected so far as to leave scarcely a foot of ground to walk upon, he heard angry voices on the heights, close to the ruins of the chapel. The man naturally looked up to whence they proceeded, and there, in the bright moonlight, he perceived, or thought he perceived, two men scuffling together at the edge of the cliff, as in a deadly struggle. The next moment one fell, or was propelled over the cliff, and awful shrieks from the chapel, or near it, broke out upon the night air.

For an instant Mitchel stood in dismay, in fear, his heart leaping into his mouth. As may have been gathered from his conversation with Ravensbird, he was not a particularly brave man; few men, permanently weak in health are so. Mitchell, though he managed to keep up and go about his duties, was always ailing, and earlier in life he had been subject to epileptic fits. He drew near to the fallen, prostrate man, in tremor and dread, expecting to see him lifeless.

Lifeless he appeared to be. The face was upturned to the moonlight, the eyes were closed, the skin looked blue and ghastly, and the mouth was open. Mitchell's terror and dismay were not lessened when he recognized the features; for they were those of the Honorable William Henry Dane.

The man was perfectly ignorant of what it would be best to do. He shouted

out at the top of the heights for help, but there was no answer; little fear that the murderer—whether one in intention or by accident—would answer him. He then took off his coat, laid it under Captain Dane's head, rubbed his hands, and rubbed his heart.

But Captain Dane, poor fellow, never moved, or gave the faintest signs of life. Mitchel felt that he was dead, and—what was *he* to do? The body must be got away, for in an hour's time the tide would be up; and indeed this had been Mitchel's last turn before going off duty, until the tide was gone again.

He pushed the hair from the clammy brow. The face was not injured in falling; he lifted one of the hands, but it fell dead again. And then Mitchel turned, and tore away at a break-neck speed, expecting to meet his comrade on the next boundary.

But he did not; whether the man had stolen a march upon time, and gone off too early, or whether he might have been seated under the rocks, and had suffered Mitchell to pass him, the latter could not tell. All he had to do was to tear on again at the same speed, and gain what they called the coast-guard station.

The coast-guard station was a low building; in outward appearance for all the world like a barn. Inside, it consisted of two rooms and a sleeping closet. And on this night, sitting round a blazing fire in the first room, to which the door opened, were a supervisor and three of his men. They were talking over the chief occurrence of the day—which had been known from one end of Danesheld to the other in an hour's time after it happened; namely, the quarrel at the castle between Captain Dane and his servant, and the kicking of the man out. Never was there a more scandal-loving place than Danesheld. Exceedingly astonished were they to be interrupted by Mitchel. He burst in upon them, his hair standing on end, and his face in a white heat.

"What's the matter with you?" exclaimed the supervisor, whose name was Cotton.

Mitchel could not answer. His heart was beating wildly, as he never remembered it to have beaten before, and he laid his two hands upon it, and staggered against the wall.

"Why have you left your beat? What brings you here?" continued Mr. Cotton, in wonderment. "Can't you speak?"

"He's dead, he's dead," Mitchel at length panted. "I want assistance."

The supervisor stared, and the men turned round.

"Who is dead?"

Mitchel opened his lips to answer, but no sound came. They sprang forward and caught him just in time to prevent his sinking to the ground. The fright of seeing Captain Dane fall, the excitement, or the running, or perhaps all combined, had brought on what he had not been troubled with for years—a fit.

Of course they could make nothing of what he had said, about somebody's being dead and wanting assistance. The supervisor gave it as his opinion that he was only wandering in mind, the precursor of the illness. He sent one of the men out for a doctor.

The latter, Mr. Wild, was not at home; he was gone to spend an hour with Mr. Apperly, so the man went there after him. Mr. Wild hastened to obey the summons, and Mr. Apperly, who was a solicitor, accompanied him.

"What has brought this on?" demanded Mr. Wild of the supervisor, as he busied himself with Mitchel. "I suspect he must have been excited or agitated, and in no measured degree."

"He rushed in here like one possessed," was the supervisor's answer. "I never saw a man so agitated. His breath all panting, and his speech gone."

"Did he give no explanation?"

"Nothing that one could make top or tail of. He spluttered out some confused words about wanting assistance for somebody who was dead. I think his brains must have been moonstruck."

"I don't then, sir," spoke up one of the men. "I think his agitation was caused by something real. Mitchel's a quiet man, not given to drink, or to any thing of that sort. Something extraordinary must have happened."

Whatever might have happened their only chance of coming to the solution of the mystery was, by endeavoring to restore consciousness and speech to Mitchel; and this was effected in about an hour's time. The man was raised from his recumbent position, placed in a chair in front of the fire, and some refreshment given him to drink.

"Now, Mitchel," began the doctor, "let us have it out. What upset you like this?"

Mitchel did not answer for a minute or two; he was probably recalling his recollection.

"What's the hour?" he suddenly asked. And the supervisor cast his eyes up to the clock.

"Getting on for ten."

Mitchel staggered up from his chair, but sank down again. He was weak yet.

"Then it's too late!" he uttered in excitement, "and his body will have been washed away."

"What is this mystery, Mitchel?" inquired Mr. Wild.

"I'll tell you, sir, as well as I'm able, but I don't understand it myself," was Mitchel's answer. "I had just got around Rock Point, as we call it, when I saw a man thrown over the cliff. I ran up to succor him, but he was dead."

"Thrown over the cliff!" was echoed by the bystanders. "From the top down to the beach?"

"Pitched right over, he was. They were having words and scuffling together, whoever the other was—and nobody need go far to guess at him, knowing what's known."

"Why, who were they? who was pitched over?" cried the doctor, impatiently.

"Captain Dane, sir."

The name startled them all. Their thoughts had been cast to nothing more than some poor fisherman or smuggler; certainly not to Lord Dane's son. Mr. Apperly broke the silence.

"Do you say there was a scuffle between two people on the heights, and that Captain Dane was pushed over?" he asked of Mitchel.

"As it seemed to me, sir. They were quarreling and struggling; and it is not likely Captain Dane would throw himself down."

"I fear, then, his assaulter must have been the servant, Ravensbird," gravely observed Mr. Apperly. "He has been heard uttering threats of revenge against Captain Dane to-day."

"Not the least doubt of that, sir," returned Mitchel; "who else would attack Captain Dane? But I never thought the man would have done such a thing. I didn't dislike Ravensbird. But what's to be done?" he added, in a more energetic tone. "The tide will be safe to have carried away the body."

"Was he dead?" asked the surgeon, in a low tone.

"Stone dead, sir. It was that frightened me."

What was to be done, indeed? They might well ask it. A moment's consultation and then they all, Mitchel and one of the men excepted, started off towards the spot, by way of the land: the beach they knew would be impassable from the tide.

They laid their plans as they went along. Mr. Apperly and Mr. Wild would proceed to the castle, and break the news to Lord Dane, and the rest would go on to the chapel and look down from the heights; they knew there was not the slightest possible chance that the body had not been carried out to sea, but it would be some consolation—to their curiosity, at any rate—to gaze down at the spot.

"I don't like the task," abruptly exclaimed the doctor, as they went along. "The captain was the favorite son."

"I'm sure I don't," returned Mr. Apperly. "It has been occurring to me for the last few minutes that the better plan might be to call on Herbert Dane, and get him to break it to them."

The surgeon eagerly caught at it, and they turned off to the right to the house of Mr. Herbert Dane, and found him at home. He appeared to be making himself comfortable, had a sofa drawn before the fire, a cigar in his mouth, and some bottles and glasses on a table at his elbow.

"This is your promised nine o'clock!" he called out, as they were entering. "A pretty long while to keep a fellow waiting; it's too bad, Harry. Oh! I beg your pardon," he added, as his visitors advanced. "I thought it was Captain Dane, whom I am expecting."

They did not take the offered chairs, but looked gravely at Herbert—as if hoping their grave looks might prepare him for what was to come.

"We have an unpleasant task to perform, Mr. Herbert Dane, and we have called on you, to request that you will help us out with it. We are on our way to the castle, bearing evil tidings to Lord Dane. An accident has happened to his son."

Mr. Herbert Dane did not appear to take in the ominous sound of the words; he was more intent on hospitality. He pushed aside the sofa, rang the bell for more glasses, and extended his hand to turn the gas on brighter. Instead, however, of turning it on, he—turned it out.

"A plague on my clumsiness! I am not used to the thing, and must have turned it the wrong way. The servant will be in in a minute, gentlemen—a cheery welcome this, for you."

"Mr. Herbert," cried the surgeon, "you did not understand us. Never mind the gas. We came to inform you of a shocking event that has occurred to Captain Dane."

"To Captain Dane! What is it?"

"He has fallen—or been thrown—over the cliff by the chapel. There is little doubt that it has killed him."

Herbert Dane put down his cigar, and turned his dismayed face upon them. They noticed how pale it looked in the firelight shown upon him.

"Fallen over the cliff!" he uttered. "When? How? When did it happen? I have been expecting him here since nine o'clock."

They told him all they knew, and asked him to break it to Lord Dane. He had rather not, himself, break it to him, he answered; Lord and Lady Dane had not been very cordial with him lately, and he should dread the effect of the communication on Lord Dane, coming from *him*. He would, however, go with them to the castle, and join in consulting as to what was best to be done.

"What will you take?" he asked.

They would prefer not to take anything.

"Had you not better?" he urged. "Tidings such as these require support of some sort. Which of the preventive-men, do you say, saw the affray?"

"Mitchel. A thousand pities that it should have been he. Any other of the men would not have lost his senses over it, and help might have reached Captain Dane in time, in case he was alive. There is sure to be some untoward fatality attending these cases."

Herbert Dane tossed his hair from his brow, and then leaned his forehead on his hand, his elbow on the mantel-piece.

"Did Mitchel not distinguish the other on the cliff with Harry—with Captain Dane?—who it might be?"

"Fast enough," cried the lawyer, who was a quick, fiery little man. "Who should it be but the discharged man, Ravensbird."

"Ah!" uttered Herbert Dane, a glow flushing into his pale countenance. "I told Harry, when I met him this afternoon, to take care of him."

"We are wasting time, Mr. Herbert," said the surgeon. "Lord Dane must be informed of this."

Herbert rang the bell for his hat, and went out with them. The man-servant addressed his master as he was showing them to the door.

"If Captain Dane comes, sir, am I to ask him to wait?"

"No," mechanically replied Herbert.

Arrived at the castle, they asked for an interview with Lord Dane. The butler resolutely refused them.

"You know, Mr. Herbert," he said, in a tone of remonstrance, turning to the latter, "that my lord will now never be disturbed in an evening. Could not these gentlemen come to-morrow? Or perhaps they will walk in and wait until the captain enters. I don't suppose he'll be late; he dined at home."

"Bruff," cried the surgeon, who knew the servant, "we *must* see Lord Dane. An accident has happened to the captain, and—I do fear—you will never see him home again. Go in to his lordship; say that we have heard bad news, and have come to tell it him; he will be sure to admit us."

The butler turned from them in doubt and dread, and entered the dining-room.

"My lord will see you, gentlemen," he said, when he came out. "My lady and Lady Adelaide are there," he added, in a low voice.

They entered. Not Herbert. He lingered outside. The butler held the door open for him, but he shook his head, and the man stepped back and closed the door.

"I declare I don't like to face them, Bruff. It will be awful tidings, especially for Lady Dane. I'll go in presently, when the brunt of the shock is over."

"What has happened, Mr. Herbert? They spoke of the captain, but he was quite well when he went out from dinner."

"I really cannot tell you what has happened; I don't understand," was the reply of Herbert. "They called upon me with a tale that he had fallen over the cliff, and asked me to come up here. It is incredible."

How the two gentlemen contrived to break the news to Lord and Lady Dane they scarcely knew themselves. Soon the house was in commotion. His lordship had not the use of his own legs, but he speedily set in motion those who had. Some of the servants were sent flying for the man, Mitchel, some for the police inspector, some across to the brow of the heights, some down to the bay to see if the American yacht was gone. Lord Dane was in great excitement, though he did not believe the tale; as Herbert had said, it was incredible.

"What do you know of this, Herbert?" Lord Dane asked of the latter, when he at length went in. "When did you last see Harry?"

"In the afternoon; about two, I think it was. He was with that Colonel Moncton—or whatever the man's name is. They were coming out of the castle. Harry stopped me and said he would come in and smoke a manilla at my house this evening, and it was agreed upon. Nine o'clock he named. He was going to dine on board the yacht, but would be back by nine, for she would be setting sail."

"Did he come?"

"No. I was waiting for him still, when Mr. Apperly and Mr. Wild called."

"What do you think of this tale?"

"I can only hope that the man, Mitchel, was wandering in his brain before falling into the fit, and that Harry will be found safe on board the yacht," was the reply of Herbert Dane.

Lady Dane was pacing the room restlessly. She occasionally put a question to Herbert. Lady Adelaide sat on a sofa, her head bent down and buried in the cushions.

"Any one but you would be over on the brow of the heights," cried Lord Dane, sharply, to his nephew, "looking out for——"

"I have been," interrupted Herbert. "I went over with Bruff while the news was being broken to you. Supervisor Cotton and some of his men were there."

"And what did you see?" interrupted Lady Dane.

"Nothing at all. The tide was up, and the beach underneath was covered with it. Everything seemed calm and quiet."

"Were there any traces of the scuffle on the heights?" rejoined Lord Dane.

"None whatever, so far as we could see by this light. I don't know what may be visible by day. Cotton declares he does not believe a word of the story."

"Neither do I," cried out Lord Dane, very much in the manner of a man who would like to brave out something that he does believe.

Of the messengers sent out, the first to return was the servant who had been despatched to the yacht.

The yacht had gone when he reached the bay, had sailed out nearly two hours before, and must be then far away, for the wind was fair.

"Then there's no knowing whether Harry went on board or not," groaned Lord Dane.

He had unconsciously clung to the hope that the Pearl might still be in port and his son on board of her, and to find that it was not so, came upon him like a keen blow.

"The captain had not been on board, my lord," rejoined the servant. "I saw Mills, the sailmaker, who was on the Pearl at work all day, only quitting her at the last moment. He said Colonel Moncton was disappointed that the captain did not come to dinner, and that he had to sail without seeing him. I asked Mills if he had seen Captain Dane about, down there, this evening, but he said No; he had come on board with the colonel in the afternoon, for an hour, but he had not seen him since."

The inspector of police was the next to arrive; but Mitchel did not come at all. He was not sufficiently well to venture out again that night. The inspector heard the various stories, and received Lord Dane's orders to apprehend Ravensbird, and to bring him before him the following morning.

At length the castle was cleared. But the old Lord and Lady Dane sat up the livelong night, hoping that Harry might return, hoping against hope. Had they heard Mitchel's testimony by word of mouth, they might have been less sanguine. But they sat on in sick expectancy. The tide receded from the strip of beach, leaving nothing on it—leaving no signs that anything, dead or alive, had been on it. And the morning light dawned upon the earth, and the morning sun shone out to gladden it—but Harry Dane had not come.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HUMAN work, to be effectual, must be the result of clear thinking. It is true that much of the labor of life is performed with comparatively very little thought, but it is not less the result of thought.

Music is the most delightful, rational entertainment that the human mind can possibly enjoy.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

How To Make Candy. Published by Dustin, Gilman & Co., Hartford, Conn.

This is a manual of plain directions and reliable formulas and instructions for the manufacture of those kinds of confectionery which are in greatest demand, and which may be easily prepared by persons possessing little or no experience in this line, by following the directions here given.

Christian Missions. By Rev. Julius H. Seelye, Professor of Amherst College. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A Double Story. By George Macdonald. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Aurora Floyd. By Miss M. E. Braddon. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

Heart of Midlothian. By Sir Walter Scott. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

The Obstetrical Journal of Great Britain and Ireland for May, 1875, with American supplement. Edited by William F. Jenks, M. D., Surgeon to the State Hospital for Women, Philadelphia. Published by Henry C. Lea, Philadelphia.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, for May, 1875. New York reprint. W. H. Zieber, 921 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

London Quarterly Review, for April, 1875. New York reprint. W. H. Zieber, 921 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

FACETIÆ

ARMY CIRCLES—Soldiers' waist-belts.

"ORTHOGRAPHIZOOTICIANALITYNESS," is the latest name for the spelling-match mania.

THERE is some talk of a summer hotel up in the Black Hills, with Red Cloud as the Chief of the Hair-Dressing Department.

THE *Swine and Poultry Journal* is the suggestive title of an Iowa paper. Wonder whether the editor writes with a pig-pen or a goose-quill.

"A MISS is as good as a mile"—yes, and as two or three miles, when she's pretty, and it's a moonlight night, and you haven't got any corns on your feet.

A CLEVELAND woman recently married a Chinese laundryman, and in three days thereafter the unhappy Celestial appeared at a barber's shop and ordered his pigtail cut off, saying, in explanation, "Too muchee yank."

A MOST impertinent chap thus illustrates the difference between a man and a woman: "A man gives fifty cents for a twenty-five cent thing he wants, and a woman gives twenty-five cents for a fifty cent thing she does not want."

"OH gracious, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Marrowfat to Mrs. Quoggs, raising her hands and speaking in a very excited tone. "She was so ill when her new bonnet came in that she couldn't get up; but dear sakes! Jane, that didn't matter nothing, for she just put her hat on and lay with her head out of the window the whole afternoon."

WE are very much of the opinion of Charles Dickens after once attending a *seance*. Having requested the attendance of the spirit of Lindley Murray, he was informed that the spectre awaited his questioning. "Are you the spirit of Lindley Murray?" asked the great author. "I are," replied the incorporeal visitor. Mr. Dickens was immediately convinced. So are we.

MOSQUITO season is coming around, and spellers can lay abed warm nights, and while the air is vocal with the melody of myriad-winged minstrels, delightfully pass away the time in spelling mosquito, musquito, moscheto, moschetto, mosquetoe, mosquetto, muscheto, muschetto, musketo, musketoe, muskitto, musqueto, musquetto and musquitto, and making up their minds as to the proper way of spelling the word.

HERE is a French lady's excuse for eloping with M. Achille: "Had I found in my husband a man like M. Achille, I should not have failed in my duties; but he was nothing—a mere nothing. What would you have me do? My husband would go to his occupation early in the morning; when he returned he was instantly asleep. Besides, he took snuff to excess, and refused to wear a night-gown."

"ARRAH, me darlint," cried James O'Flannigan to his loquacious sweetheart, who had not given him the opportunity to "get in a word edgewise," during a two hours' ride behind the little bay nags in his oyster wagon, "are ye afther knowin' why your cheeks are like my ponies there?" "Shure and it's because they're red, is it?" quoth the blushing Bridget. "Faith, and a better raison than that, mavourneen. Because there is one of them aich side of a waggin' tongue."

OUR OWN SPHINX

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

ENIGMA.

Complete, I'm now before you,
But do not show surprise,
Though perhaps you cannot see me,
For I am in disguise;
I tell of many wonders,
That leave the mind in doubt,
In fact, I am so curious,
You oft can't make me out.
You'll never find me twice alike,
So changeable am I;
My manner far from open,
Is close, reserved, and sly.
Now if that you should guess me,
You take away my name,
But if you fail in doing so,
I hold it just the same.

W. TERRELL.

CHARADE.

At my first, the time of bliss,
When the dews of night descend,
Man forgets his daily toil,
And his knee doth lowly bend;
As across the limpid wave
Comes the sound of my sweet second,
Giving homage to the One
Who above all men is reckoned!
So my whole, a mark of praise,
Springing from the heart of man,
Shows the love we bear to Him
Who is, and was, but ne'er began.

C. B. GILBERT.

A NUMERICAL CHARADE.

My 1, 3, 7 is an animal.
My 1, 13, 15, 4, 5, 9, 12 is a man's name.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 15 is a woman's name,
My 14, 15, 16 is a part of creation.
My whole is the name of a very great actress.

BURIED TOWNS.

1. Fritz is very dull, but Carl is learning fast.
2. Vermont, really, is a pleasant State.
3. 'Tis all for the best, and I shall not murmur.
4. There were six daughters and Caleb—an only son.
5. Beware of bad company, and always read in good books.
6. This ant a fern leaf walks on.
7. He must be a very strange kind of man.
8. The robber lined his purse with silver.
9. Tell Amos we go by the steamer.
10. The mob I left to themselves.
11. The fire will warm us, Catharine.
12. At the time of the fight, there were no voters present.
13. Some diaries are interesting reading to others than the writers.
14. The team I lost has been found.

FORT TOTTEN.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 50.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx," No. 44, Vol. 54.

NUMERICAL CHARADE. — Charles Dickens.

ENIGMAS.—1. The weather. 2. Lemon.

THE THREE CALLERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Morn calleth fondly to a fair boy straying
'Mid golden meadows rich with clover dew;
She calls—but he still thinks of naught save playing;
And so she smiles—and waves him an Adieu!
Whilst he, still merry with his flowery store,
Deems not that Morn, sweet Morn! returns no more.

Noon cometh—but the boy to manhood growing,
Heeds not the time—he sees but one sweet form,
One young fair face, from bower of jasmine glowing,
And all his loving heart with bliss is warm;
So Noon, unnoticed, seeks the western shore,
And man forgets that Noon returns no more.

Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming
With the thin firelight, flick'ring faint and low;
By which a gray-haired man is sadly dreaming
O'er pleasures gone—as all Life's pleasures go:
Night calls him to her—and he leaves his door,
Silent and dark—and he returns no more.

A GIFT FROM HEAVEN!

BY PIERCE EGAN,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "Violet; or, the Wonder of Kingswood Chase," "Her First Love," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED.]

Deborah Keyne presented a somewhat curious aspect; and as she glared rather than peered beneath her long shaggy eyebrows at the strangers who stood before her door, Floye mentally accounted for any elvish waywardness her child might have displayed if she had been reared by this extraordinary looking old woman.

Upon her head she wore a kind of flat bonnet, surmounting a wide-frilled cap. Her body and shoulders were concealed by a thick woolen black and gray shawl, the ends of which crossed her chest, and were fastened at the termination of her waist behind. Her petticoats were ample in fulness, but did not descend below the calves of her legs, which, encased in thick, dark, mulberry-hued stockings, were lost in a pair of thick half-boots, with soles of a stoutness well capable of keeping her out of some inches of water.

At her back she carried a small corral or basket, suspended by a band which passed over her bonnet just above her forehead. In her hand she carried a walking stick of the dimensions of a bludgeon, and by her side was a huge black dog.

She appeared to be just setting out upon a journey, and the dog was evidently to be her companion on the road.

Reginald Ringwood, as he always did on such occasions, assumed the lead in questioning, and being the least affected by the old woman's appearance, he said: "I believe your name is Deborah Keyne. You had charge of a child which was left as a foundling up at the parsonage yonder. We hear that it has lately been missing, having been taken away from you by a gentleman. We are anxious to obtain some particulars respecting her, as we have every reason to believe she is a child of whom we have long been in search."

Deb Keyne looked at him steadfastly for a moment, with a questioning expression in her eyes.

"How long?" she asked, shortly.

"Ten years—ten long, weary, agonizing years," exclaimed Floye, hastily and eagerly, compressing her hands in an appealing kind of way.

The old woman started at the tone of her voice, and she instantly fastened her eyes on her face with a sharp scrutiny of her features.

Presently she ejaculated, more in the way of soliloquy than of reply:

"Ah, ye looks more like than yan. There be the eyes; an' the babe's face were like ye—mortal like."

Then she abruptly said, accosting Floye, and regarding her with that penetrative gaze from beneath her shaggy, pent-roof eyebrows with which she had before scrutinized her features:

"Be she yourn?"

"I trust—I pray—that she may prove to be so," returned Floye, vainly striving to repress her excitement.

Reginald coughed, and said, somewhat bluntly and thoughtlessly:

"Unless she went down in the boat with—with the man who carried her off."

A faint scream escaped the lips of Floye.

"She did not," she gasped; "she did not! Heaven would not so sorely persecute me."

The old woman uttered a cackling laugh. She pointed to the huge black dog, which from the moment of Floye's entrance, had manifested a strange interest.

"Ask Pant'er," she exclaimed, gutturally, and repeating her cackling giggle. "We saw 'un stand away in boat wi' Giftie at the helm, and pass round Black Head like steamer full speed. It wur daun ere we could get boat an' follow. We took Pant'er along wi' us, and as we were making for creek, he lep' overboard, made for Whitesand Bank, scampered off, never stopped till 'un got to One and All public. Didn't stay there long, but bolted out o' sight. Beast were right; they stopped there all night, and hadn't long gone by coach when we got there."

"By coach! Where to?" asked Reginald, promptly.

"To London. I found all that out, for mining agent told me a' saw t'ant'er running about like mad, sniffin' and growlin' at station. An', thinkin' he wur lost, brought 'un back for Giftie. I do put this an' that together, an' I've little money left, so a means to walk to London wi' Pant'er. When we gets there, he'll nose her out, I warrant."

"Walk? Impossible!" exclaimed Floye, so excited as to be scarcely able to articulate.

"Why, it is three hundred miles," laughed Reginald, contemptuously. "You must come with us. We will take you and the dog in a dozen hours, and you would be as many weeks, if you ever reached there at all."

Old Deb Keyne, though ignorant, and by nature of her age was stubborn, was also, like the people of her county, cute. She saw at a glance the advantages of the offer, and that it would be wisdom to accept it, especially if the persons before her proved to be the parents of Giftie. Yet, before she closed with it, she put a variety of pertinent questions to Floye concerning the child, and what was found with her. Excepting a general description of her face and hair, she could not furnish anything satisfactory until at last, as if by inspiration, she remembered that she had, when last she had been enabled by stratagem to see her, provided her with some clothes of the very best and finest material, and these, racking her brain that she might be correct, she described.

She had not finished when Deb cried out suddenly:

"Youm be she!"

She started off to an inner room, and brought from underneath a bed there a small horsehair trunk; this she unlocked, and bringing out a little frock and some undergarments, showed them to Floye.

With a wild cry of intense delight, she recognized them, broke into a frantic passion of tears over them, and kissed them again and again.

Now she was sure she was on the track of the darling of whom she had been so wickedly and cruelly deprived by Harcourt, and never more would she rest until she had discovered and folded her to her heart.

Her energy, activity and excitement not only amazed old Deb Keyne, but somehow startled Reginald. However, arrangements were quickly concluded by which the old woman and the dog were to accompany them to the same railway station from whence Harcourt and Giftie had departed for London, and as soon as they were in the great metropolis they decided, without a moment's loss of time, to follow up the clue they had obtained in so singular a manner.

Reginald despatched a young woman, whom Deb Keyne had deputed to mind her cottage during her absence, for the carriage which had brought them thither, and which they had left at the entrance of the village.

She was not long gone; but when she returned she was seated in the carriage, and all Pendragon was at her heels.

On her way she had spread it over the village that the real parents of Giftie had presented themselves, and they were great people, who were going to make a queen of Giftie and a duchess, at least, of old Deb.

The community of Pendragon who, however much they might have teased and injured the poor little neglected child themselves, would not have let any one else hurt a hair of her head, turned out *en masse* to offer their congratulations to the "great people;" for what was not quite clear. Nevertheless, as the carriage drove through Pendragon, with Floye, Reginald, and old Deb Keyne seated in it, and Panther running barking by its side, they all—men, boys, and short-frocked girls—ran screaming, shouting, and cheering by its side until it was more than a mile beyond the village.

Of course, they assured each other they knew the eerie child would turn out to be a lady of the land.

Yet one and all thought in their secret mind that she was a PIXY—which is Cornish for fairy—for all that.

CHAPTER XIII.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

Like most villages in Surrey, Tattenham is sylvan in its aspect. In the centre it possesses a spacious common, crossed by footpaths, and in one quarter there is a goodly-sized pond, the habitat of ducks and geese in the bright spring and warm summer time, and the delight of uproarious, shock-headed boys in pursuit of sliding exercise when frozen over in winter. Around its outer circle, irregularly situated, there are a number of cottages, some small shops, two or three beerhouses, and one inn, bearing the sign of the Flying Wonder. All the buildings are, as it were, embosomed in foliage. There are belts of trees on the common, and the heights around are all wooded, so that the appearance of the village is altogether picturesque and rural.

Under ordinary circumstances it was quiet and peaceful; but in its immediate vicinity there was an extensive system of racing stables, in the possession of a celebrated trainer, who, at the time of which we write, had a larger string of racehorses in training than any of his order.

The comparative proximity of Mitchenham Downs, invaluable, not only for exercising the highbred and highly-trained animals, but for "gallops" and "trials," no doubt conduced to the successful business of the trainer; but it also brought occasionally to the village an influx of strangers, whose coming neither added to the pleasing character of the prospect nor the morality of the villagers—turf men of all grades, from the peer to the tout—the "plunger," who coupled fifty and twenty thousand pounds in one bet, to the "welcher," who accepted any odds offered, provided the bets were made in cash down, and paid nobody.

Sometimes, when a very "happy event" was coming off, the village would be inundated by gentlemen and vagabonds of the horsiest description, and at other periods a few of the "touting" gentry would straggle in singly, or in twos or threes, in order to procure the "straight tip" by fair means or foul—chiefly foul. There were also to be seen numbers of boys, affiliated to the stables to ride as light weights, and when these young fry amused themselves on the common with games of chance, they did not lend enchantment to the view, as they mostly imitated the worst vices of their elders in betting, bad language, and practical jokes. They were men in miniature, and—we are loth to say it—very wicked little men, too.

It may, therefore, be supposed that the advent of a stranger in Tattenham attracted but little, if any notice, and Harcourt, on leaving the railway station with Giftie, found that, instead of, as he had expected, being the object of inquisitive attention, no one seemed to notice him. He had learned that the cottage he was seeking was "across the common yonder," and across the common he took his way.

He was, however, intercepted by a cut which came from an adjacent river, and supplied the pond with water; but he saw that at no great distance it was crossed by a small bridge. As he drew near to it, he came upon a group of small boys, who were surrounding an old man in a long drab greatcoat and a large white hat.

Their high, shrill voices, offering odds upon some event, were enough to deafen any one. Their peals of screaming laughter and the curiously excited behavior of the old man induced Harcourt for a moment to pause, especially as his attention was caught by the pale face and brilliant dark eyes of a boy whom he thought, with a sudden, sharp, and curiously painful twinge, reminded him of the features of Lao.

"I'll back Tate," shrieked one puny

imp. "Four to one on the old 'un, in tatures!"

"Make it turnips and I'll take you," squealed another, grinning.

"Ten to one he don't try it in they boots," roared a third, showing his white teeth.

"No bet if he don't do it in 'em," yelled a fourth.

"Lay a bob to a fadge them pins in his boots is wood," screamed another, making believe to bring some money out of his waistcoat pocket.

"You're a parcel of sarcy, imperdent maggits," roared the old man, in a tone of exasperation, as he raised up a postilion's whip and flourished it. "If you gi' me any more o' your sarse I'll make some o' you take a flyin' leap over the cut athout touchin' turf either side."

"Don't be an old flat, daddy," half whispered the handsome boy with the brilliant dark eyes, and who had already attracted the attention of Giftie, as he sidled up to the old man, whom the reader will already have recognized as Tate Lavender. "Go in and win. Mind, it's eight half-bulls to one. You're as fresh as a four year old yet. You can do it hard hold. The sov's your own if you like to try for it."

"A course I can do it, Master Leo," rejoined the old man, wiping from his face the moisture brought there by excitement. "I'm as fresh as paint, if I don't look it, an' I can just jump that cut standin' as easy as I could step over a puddle; but——"

"Ain't game! Yah! yah! Only got one leg and a pend'lum! Nothing in they boots at all but wind," chaffed some of the boys.

Leo winked deliberately at one of the lads, who, it seemed, had offered the bet they were discussing, and then said, in a sneering tone:

"The bet ain't good enough for the old man. Make it sixteen to one in half-dollars, and I'll take it for him."

"Done!" responded the boy, bringing two coins from his pocket, and shaking them in his hands.

The chink of the money seemed abruptly to determine the old man, and from out of a pocket in his buckskin smalls, with much tugging, he produced half a crown.

"I'll chance it—if I don't I'm blowed!" he said.

"I'll hold the stakes," cried Leo, officiously snatching the half-crown from old Tate's hand, and pretending to take the two sovereigns from the lad who offered the odds.

Then ensued, to Harcourt's amusement, a most wonderful scene of excitement between the boys, who imitated with no mean skill, but unhappily in all sincerity, the flash jargon of the betting ring. They yelled, screamed, danced, and seemed generally animated with a frantic desire to fling away fabulous sums in most reckless and hazardous risks.

Old Tate assumed a grave and resolute manner, and young Leo went through the farce of preparing him for some feat, helped him to button his coat, and was very anxious, apparently, about carefully adjusting the tails of that long garment.

Harcourt, who was strangely fascinated by the lad's lineaments, determined to speak to him, and catching his eye, beckoned him up to him.

Leo at first returned his gesture with a look of insolent indifference; but the next moment he caught sight of Giftie's face, and altering his manner, at once came up to them.

He stared her out of countenance to begin with, and then screwed up his eyes to an impudent leer, and, laughing, nodded at her.

She responded promptly by turning up her nose, pursing up her lips, and showing him her back.

"What is the meaning of this squabble between you boys and the old man?" demanded Harcourt, in an undertone, at the same time producing from his purse a half crown, and tendering it to him.

The boy, casting a half furtive glance at Giftie, hesitated for a moment, but immediately afterwards touched his forehead with his forefinger, and, as he took the proffered coin, replied, in the same tone—

"Only a spree with old Tate, sir. We've laid him a bet he can't clear the cut at a standing jump with two seven pound weights in his pocket, and he's taken the bet; but we have slipped all the stitches in the tails of his coat, and stuck 'em together with glue. That's all."

The boy, with a frame shaking and convulsed with stifled laughter, turned away, and approaching Tate, led him, with well-seeming tenderness, to the edge of the cut, where he placed him, while one of the boys gently deposited a seven pound weight in each side pocket.

The old man licked his lips excitedly, lifted his clenched fists level with his chest, and prepared to take the jump.

Again the boys, like a bevy of screaming monkeys, shouted all kinds of bets, and in the midst of their yelling Leo cried, in a high, shrill voice:

"One—two—three—off!"

Old Tate, with a desperate lunge, went for the other side, and there was instantly a violent splashing in the water of the dyke, as though he had fallen in; but Harcourt saw that he had safely reached the opposite side, though he was lying prostrate on the bank. But he had left half his drab coat, with the weights in the pockets, in the water.

Shouts, accompanied by wild yells of laughter that he had lost the wager, rent the air.

Leo gave up the stakes, and away scoured all the boys but him. And he, with well affected interest, and a pitch-fork which was mysteriously handy, fished out the shorn coat tails.

When the old man regained his feet he literally danced with passion, and would have belabored Leo with his postilion's whip if he could have caught him. And during this little episode Harcourt was again greatly exercised by seeing the great eyes of the boy several times glance at Leo's did occasionally, and by hearing the old man anathematize him as "Leo."

With some difficulty he soothed and partly pacified him by a gratuity.

"It is not worth while exciting yourself," he exclaimed, persuasively. "Be cool. Boys will be boys, you know."

"Boys!" grunted the old man, scowling at Leo. "There ain't no boys now, 'cept post boys, which I be one, an' there won't be none of us left soon. Boys! You don't call that reptile a boy, do you?"

"What else? He looks to be no more than, say, twelve years old!" responded Harcourt, making a mental calculation, and glancing at Giftie.

"Ugh!" growled old Tate, glaring at him viciously. "Looks a yearling—a mere colt—I admits, but he's a century in wice. Ah! he'll come to a bad end—mark my words, he will. So I tells my darter."

"Your daughter!" ejaculated Harcourt, hastily. "Is he her son?"

"The Lord forbid," responded old Tate, instantly.

Then, as if checking himself, for he began to have a faint impression that Harcourt was putting his questions with some hidden purpose.

"Well, no," he added, "not azackly her son, but nigh as good," he sniffed. "I might say as bad, acos she's brought him up from a babby. He come to her somehow on the cross, an' if she'd taken my advice she wouldn't a had anythin' to do with other folks' secrets, although they might be highbred 'uns, an' a lot a hanging to it some day."

A throng of questions rose to Harcourt's lips as he again scrutinized the features of Leo, who was artfully sidling up in the direction of Giftie. He, however, repressed them, and asked, in a tone of affected indifference:

"Where does your daughter live?"

"Across the common—over yonder," returned the old man, settling his capacious white hat upon his head in his usual jaunty fashion.

"Over yonder," repeated Harcourt, quickly. "Perhaps she can give me some information I am in search of. Can I see her?"

"You can," he returned, with a rueful glance at his dripping coat tails, which Leo had deposited at his feet. "You can come along wi' me, and you shall hear what she will say about that imp o' old Nick's, who is the sarciest——"

He was interrupted by the sound of a sharp smack, as of a loud clap of hands struck together, and Harcourt and he turned to see Leo rubbing his cheek, and glaring at Giftie with a devilish expression in his great eyes.

"Lao's eyes and Lao's look," thought Harcourt, feeling a large lump rise in his throat and a hissing singing in his ears.

He glanced at Giftie. Her cheeks were aflame, and her eyes were flashing fire.

"He pinched my chin," she said to Harcourt, as if by way of explanation; "and," pointing to Leo, "he'd better not try it again, or he'll see what I will do."

"What would you do?" demanded Leo, savagely, still rubbing his tingling cheek.

"You behave yourself," retorted Giftie, quickly and menacingly, raising her finger warningly to him, "or I will give you cause to remember me."

"I'll be one with you, no fear," hissed the boy between his teeth. "I never forget nor forgive."

Harcourt started again, and a cold thrill went through him. Had his eyes been shut, he could have vowed that it was Lao who spoke. He had heard her use the very words.

Yet, if this boy were here! With a hot rush of blood to his brains he remembered the photograph which she had confessed represented a grave secret.

He raised his hands with a quick gesture to the boy and girl.

"Be silent both," he cried, sternly. "Who knows but you may have need to be kind to each other?"

He turned to old Tate, who was making a bundle of his wet coat-tails, after having viciously cast both the seven pound weights back into the cut.

"Conduct me to your daughter's cottage," he said, authoritatively. "I must see her now."

"It's my cottage, an' she lives wi' me," rejoined the old man, lugubriously. "Lives wi' me an' welcome, if it warn't for that owdacious young wiper. He'll be the death o' me one o' these days, unless I makes her put him out to nuss wi' a hard nutted one who'll give him ashplant for porridge in the mornin's, an' crabswitch for his nightcap."

"Look out, daddy, duck your nut; there's a rook going to settle on you. Takes you for an old clothesprop," screamed Leo, suddenly, in a high, shrill voice, and the next moment the old man's white hat, which he had arranged so jauntily over his left eyebrow, went scudding through the air, propelled by a large clod of soft earth.

Going through a pantomine of extraordinary antics, the boy set up a peal of laughter, and then made off across the common at the top of his speed.

Harcourt recovered the old man's hat for him, and said, with a laugh he was unable to suppress:

"He is a mischievous sprite. I see that he is in stable garb. Is he attached to racing stables?"

The objurgations of old Tate, couched in the very strongest language, would have way before he could reply to the question put to him; but when he got breath, he said.

"'Twas the only thing to do wi' the little villain. He's bad in grain. When he got his fust teeth, he pretended to kiss me an' made a grab at my nose, an' hung on like a bull-pup does to a bit o' red cloth when he is bein' taught. Why, he warn't ten year old when he comes to me an' says, 'Gran, here's some hair ile for you,' an' shows me a bottle o' red ile, an' made me smell it. It was azackly like roses. So he says, 'I'll rub some on, an' you dry it in afore the fire,' he says, 'then you'll look sich a swell.' I thought it 'ood please him, an' I let him rub the hair ile in. But the evil little ape rung the changes without my seein' on him, an' rubbed in paraffin. A course, when I went to dry it in afore the fire I was ablaze in a minnit. If it hadn't been for my darter bein' on the spot, I should ha' been burned down to my werry boots."

"Well, I suppose they make him behave at the stables," suggested Harcourt.

"They're afeared on him, the whole lot. If he can't use fist, he will boot, or stick, or stone—or knife, if that's all," exclaimed old Tate, in a guttural undertone, and with a shrug of the shoulders. "They tries to punish him sometimes by putting him upon a colt with a deal o' wice in him, but Master Leo allus comes out best. I've seen 'em in the air together, the colt lashing out, an' Leo lashing him round an' round, up and down, kicking and swishing, till it makes you giddy, because you can't tell t'other from which; but Leo is safe to lick him. He's been flung, rolled over, kicked, trod on, but it never hurts him. He's a devil's brat, sir, and it ain't no use sayin' he ain't."

"That's what they called me at Pendragon," observed Giftie, who had been drinking in with an absorbed attention every word the old man had spoken.

"A child of sin," thought Harcourt, with a strange cold numbness about his heart. "It seems not to be possible to do wrong without retribution, even if not apparent to the world. I feel that."

He turned to Giftie as the reflection crossed his mind.

"Let us each bear our burden," he further mused. "I will accept mine; but she shall have hers. Oh, but she shall have hers! I will restore this boy to her the first opportune moment. I shall not have long to wait, I do not doubt."

He made a gesture with his hand towards the distant cottage, and old Tate, with an obsequious bend and a stereotyped wreathing of his features into a smile, but with very flushed cheeks, led the way across the common.

When they arrived at his cottage they saw a woman standing at the doorway. She was shading the sunlight from her eyes with her hand and looking direct towards them.

She evidently expected them.

That is to say, Leo had arrived home in advance, and had prepared her for visitors.

But she was not prepared for the guest who did present himself.

Men do not, unless attacked by severe illness, undergo much change in their personal appearance between the ages of twenty five and thirty-five. Harcourt, being fair, and tenacious in reference to his youthful appearance, had not altered so much as might have been expected from the circumstances in which he had been so gravely mixed up—by no means enough to prevent Mary Lavender recognizing him the very moment she set eyes upon him.

If he had been a more observant man, and he had reason enough to scrutinize closely those with whom he came in contact, he would have been startled by the sudden expansion of her eyelid and the dropping of her under jaw the instant her eyes lighted on him.

"The fair man with the straw moustache," she said mentally. "I said that something would turn up one day to bring me luck and revenge. Behold it within my reach."

She had changed. The smart, good-looking, and rather impudent-eyed maid had become a drab-faced, grave-looking woman, who might be supposed to pass half her time in Little Bethel, and the other half in reflecting upon the sins and wickedness of the human race, and the eternal punishment which would certainly attend them.

He did not remember a feature in her face. He had not seen her a dozen times when meeting Lao in secret. She was not one to let her maid know all her movements, and he was not now thinking of those visits which he paid to Lao at her own home, and which brought him in contact with this woman. Therefore she did not recur to him, and he did not recognize her.

Besides, his mind was on the boy, and on entering the cottage after he had addressed a few words to her in reference to the person of whom he was in search, and whose address he had obtained from her, he said, rather abruptly, pointing to Leo, who, crouched in a corner with a poker in his hand, was awaiting an expected lively interview with old Tate:

"That lad is not yours, I understand?"

"No," she responded, with a curious significance of tone, and a yet more peculiar smiling screw of her eyelids.

"He resembles one whom I knew some years ago——"

"Some years ago!" she interposed, with a look of wonder.

He stared at her.

"Why not?" he remarked. "The boy's name is Leo. It is remarkable that the person of whom I speak bore a somewhat similar name. What is his surname?"

An extraordinary expression went over her pale brown face. She folded her arms.

"Do you not know it?" she asked, significantly.

"I am asking for information," he responded, rather curtly.

"Nor me?" she demanded.

"Nor you?" he interrogated, his eyes racing over her features scrutinizingly.

"'Sixteen branches a penny, sweet Lavender,'" she chanted, with a scornful laugh. "Do you remember singing that in the ear of a lady's maid 'some years ago?'"

He searched her face with a piercing look, pressed his hand for an instant to his temple, and fell back two or three paces.

He recognized her now, and with a sudden tumultuous beating of the heart the relationship of Giftie to him recurred to him. To keep that unknown for the present seemed more important to him than the discovery he was on the eve of making. She was *his* secret, not this woman's nor Lao's.

He strove to appear composed, but his face glowed.

"I will call again," he said. Turning to Giftie abruptly, and pointing to the doorway: "Run along," he added, hurriedly. "I must see you settled; I have no time to spare for other matters now."

As the child proceeded to obey him, she gave a glance at Leo, which had a curiously defiant look in it.

"Ta, ta, Beauty!" cried the boy, springing up with a caper; "here's a bit of fruit for you, white as pearl and sweet as cocoanut," he continued, tossing, with a wild laugh, a turnip to her. "Leave us a lock of your hair, Titsy?"

She caught the turnip as it darted towards her with the skill of a cricketer, and flung it back with equal celerity and strength. It barely missed Leo's forehead, and broke some old-fashioned ornaments behind him, at which he crowed lustily, like a barn-door chanticleer.

Roughly Harcourt pushed Giftie from the threshold on to the pathway, saying to Mary Lavender, in hurried tones:

"I will call again. I must have some talk with you."

"You *must!*" she rejoined, with emphatic significance.

He turned from her, and between his set teeth he muttered:

"It seems as if fate was dogging me like a starving wolf. I am the unluckiest wretch alive."

CHAPTER XIV.

NEMESIS AT WORK.

Within a bachelor's snuggery, lolling in a luxurious easy chair, smoking a cigar of unusual size and of most delicate aroma, sat a gentleman, with a complexion singularly, and, as it seemed, supernaturally cadaverous.

The snuggery, essentially a bachelor's, was, nevertheless, fitted up with a costly and reckless extravagance. Everything that could minister to luxurious ease and sensual gratification was there, and of the richest material and most artistic workmanship.

There was a plethora of articles of *vertu*, statuettes, vases, ornaments of all kinds; exquisite water-color drawings by French artists of groups of youthful heathen gods and goddesses, portraits of celebrated ballet-dancers, and oil paintings of racehorses from the pencils of animal painters of the highest reputation.

There was a general aspect of indulgence in the room, which was not a little aided by the reflection of light from the rose-colored, damask window curtains, but which, while it imparted a dreamy, soft, rose tint to all the beautiful adornments and appointments of this chamber, made the countenance of the only occupant look more unearthly, more hideous, more terrible.

He was in deep abstraction, and sent the smoke from his cigar occasionally in long lines from his nostrils, betraying that brain and heart were surging with strong inward emotion.

Occasionally he would remove his cigar, and his upper lip would rise and disclose his white teeth, as in dogs when they snarl—an expression from him of intense, malignant scorn.

"I have got the brat," he presently soliloquized; "and I will soon have the dam. Who will tell me there is not the hand of Fate in all this? What had I done up to the moment of my misfortune to deserve that I should be blighted like a sapling with a hot blast. I was an upright, moral, good young man—a pattern young man—and yet in a moment I am smitten down and trampled into dust, without having been guilty of an act to deserve it. So much for laying out lines for an anchorage in Elysium. Bah! Tell me no more of the dispensations of Providence—it is the merciless hand of Fate—Fate—Fate!"

He smoked vigorously for a few moments, and then added:

"Ay, Fate. Have I not hunted for this boy over the kingdom, and have I not stumbled on him when not seeking him? Has she not come back to me on my own ground when I had all but made up my mind to confront her in her Italian home, to scatter her pride, destroy her reputation, hurl her into miserable destitution, and shoot the idiot who bolted with her as if he had filched a prize from a cabinet of crown jewels? Is not this the hand of Fate? Come in! Oh, De Rougemont, how are you?"

"A trifle breathed," returned the colonel, who had thus abruptly entered the room. "The fact is, your man has fallen off in his pace. He came up so slowly I passed him, and thus have announced myself. You must send him into training; you feed him too much and work him too little."

"No; I am going to kick him out. He has, according to his own statement to me, been backing 'a good thing or two' lately, and is giving himself the airs of a steward of the household. But what news has brought you to me at a top speed? Sit down, take your breath—and a weed."

Colonel De Rougemont threw himself into a lounge, as requested, and lit the cigar handed to him. After he had puffed a few whiffs, he said, with his mind on other matters:

"This is a fine weed, Templemore."

"The best I am able to get. I have only a few thousands of them."

"Ah, you smoke immensely."

Templemore smiled cynically.

"It is beneficial to my complaint," he observed.

"Your complaint," he added, huskily; "by the way, I never heard what it was."

"No?" rejoined Templemore, emphatically, fastening his glittering eyes upon him, as though he dared him to pursue that inquiry.

"A—no," repeated De Rougemont, shifting his eyes a little uneasily; "I am not of a curious turn; but as you smoke from dawn to midnight——"

"Often through the night."

"Well, to my thinking, the remedy is worse than the disease. Don't you fear that some day it will kill you?"

Templemore laughed again, in a low tone that made him feel a thrill of horror.

"There are some men," added Templemore, after a momentary abstraction, "whom nothing kills. I am one."

"Nothing kill you? What do you mean?"

"This—what would have slain a battalion of navvies failed to hurl me out of life."

"Explain."

"I am saved up for a mission. Bullet, dagger, poison—poison, the subtlest, deadliest, swiftest known, would be, will be, powerless on me until I have wrought out my mission."

"What is it? To stake your last stiver on a double event and lose it?"

"Pshaw! You do not know the *arcana* of plunging. De Rougemont, I make money, not lose it, by my system. I thought it out when I was too poor to put it in practice, but I worked it when rich, and my winnings have been immense. I hoard, not squander; few know how rich I am."

"Hoarding for your mission?"

"Well, yes, for I mean to execute it at any cost, and in my own way."

"Under favor, what is that mission?"

"My secret, De Rougemont. Let us change the subject."

"At your wish, certainly. By the way, why did you ride on yesterday when we met in the park? You saw me beckon to you."

"I was working out a mental problem, and was not in the vein to be interrupted by a strain of mere unmeaning gallantry with a made up doll," explained Templemore.

"You were wrong in your impression. I was desirous of introducing you to a lady who is a beauty of unusual attractiveness. When last in Rome I met her in the saloon of the Prince Di Torella, was violently struck by her wonderful eyes, and became incontrollably infatuated with her. By all the goddesses in the gardens of Jove—ah! and in the groves and shades of the unknown land bordered by Styx—I would have carried her off by a *coup de main*, and if the infernal law had not stood in the way, have made her Mrs. Colonel De Rougemont."

"I suppose, inconveniently, she was already married, De Rougemont."

"Yes; and the husband, a sort of beast and puppy combined, did not seem to regard my attentions to the imperious beauty in either a grateful or kindly spirit. Not to mince the matter, they gave me abruptly the dead cut, and I did not see them again until the other evening, when I caught sight of her at the opera. *She* acknowledged me with a look. Yesterday, I saw her in the park, and went straight up to her."

"Was the unconfiding husband with her?"

"No; she was alone."

"Ah!"

"Aye, and was wonderfully nice to me."

"Ha! ha! Of course!"

"I wished you to see her, Templemore. I wanted your opinion of her. You would have been much struck by her charms, I know."

"You know! Pah! Women no more delight me, and will not. Never more! never more!"

"Pshaw! See my *spirituelle* beauty. You will alter your opinion."

Templemore curled his upper lip contemptuously, and shook his head.

"By the way, now I think of it," pursued De Rougemont, reflectively, "you have seen her. To be sure. She spoke of you to me."

"Named *me?*"

"Yes; spoke of having seen you some years ago. She thought you were dead, and appeared immensely surprised to find you were not. And, Jove! now I come to think of it, perhaps your woman hating may spring from her. She mentioned incidentally your good looks, so you must have made an impression upon her, and when I said I would effect a renewal of the acquaintance I never saw a woman's face undergo such a change. It was but momentary, it is true; but, hang me, if I did not think she was going to die outright."

Templemore looked up at him wonderingly.

"Pray, what was the maiden name of the lady who could become so agitated at the thought of meeting me after so many roving years?"

"Talbot," half indifferently answered De Rougemont, readily. "You must remember the Talbots of Mayfair, who had the credit of living the pace on nothing?"

If De Rougemont had never seen a woman's face present such a change as did Lao's when he beckoned Templemore to her side, he certainly had never seen a man's face undergo such an awful alteration as did Templemore's now.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NICE SET-DOWN FOR "ROMEO AND JULIET."

In a book just published, called "Shakspeare on the Decline," "Romeo and Juliet" is dished up in this fashion: "In the first place it is a grievous mistake to open with Romeo in love with Rosalind. Why does the poet deprive Romeo of this charm? Even if he had loved before, why should we know it? In deserting Rosalind for Juliet, Romeo is guilty of treachery towards the former; who, then, will vouch for his fidelity to the latter? The first love of Romeo serves no oject. It casts a doubtful light on him, and has not the least significance for the action of the piece. Besides, there is here a psychological impossibility. Romeo loves Juliet at first sight. Such a sudden love is beautiful and poetical, but it is only possible with a free heart. Now Romeo is not free; he is enchained by another love, which hitherto has been unfortunate, and which should, therefore, have a double hold on his heart. As for Juliet, she is a rhapsodical little maiden, and goes on as no tender, timid, trusting maiden would. She talks of taking Romeo when dead and cutting him into little stars; as though any such fanciful mutilation would mingle with the fond idea of a girl's first love. Girls in love are not prone to speculate on the death and dissection of the beloved object. There is, also, no reason for Juliet's simulated death; no reason why she should not have fled from Verona with her husband. This play, like the Danish tragedy, suffers from weakness of construction involving inexplicable motives, and is deformed by irrational talk and a punning mania incidental to even the heroic characters, and in their case utterly ignoble."

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

BLACK shoes may be bronzed by a strong solution of anilin red in alcohol.

GRAY marble hearths can be rubbed with linseed oil, and no spots will show.

BUTTER will remove tar spots. Soap and water will afterwards take out the grease stain.

To prevent moths in carpets, wash the floor before laying them with spirits of turpentine or benzine.

TO CURE HEADACHE—Take granulated muriate of ammonia, one teaspoonful; acetate of morphia, one grain; water, half a pint. Dose for an adult, two teaspoonfuls every ten minutes (precisely) until relief is obtained.

Two ounces of common tobacco boiled in a gallon of water is used by dealers for renovating old clothes. The stuff is rubbed on with a stiff brush. The goods are nicely cleansed, and, strange to add, no tobacco smell remains.

CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.—It is said that drops prepared as follows will cure the worst toothache ever known: One ounce of alcohol, two drachms cayenne pepper, one ounce kerosene oil; let it stand twenty-four hours after mixing.

IRISH moss has been suggested as a substitute for flaxseed meal in poultices. It is said to make a superior poultice, as it keeps moist about eighteen hours, does not slip, is inodorous and neither ferments easily nor soils the bedclothes or linen of the patient.

TO CURE HOARSENESS.—When the voice is lost, as is sometimes the case, from the effects of cold, a simple, pleasant remedy is furnished by beating up the white of one egg, adding to it the juice of one lemon, and sweetening with white sugar to the taste. Take a teaspoonful from time to time. It has been known effectually to cure the ailment.

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.—Make a strong lather of curd soap and milk; attach a thread to the top part of the glove, and putting one glove on your hand, dip a soft flannel in the lather and rub the glove downwards till the dirt disappears; dab with a soft towel as dry as possible, then take the glove from your hand, open it out and hang it by the thread to dry; repeat the operation with the other glove.

GROUND GLASS.—The frosted appearance of ground glass may be very nearly imitated by gently dabbing the glass over with a piece of glazier's putty, stuck on the ends of the fingers. When applied with a light and even touch the resemblance is considerable. Another method is to dab the glass over with thin white paint, or flour paste, by means of a brush, but this is inferior to the former. Used for windows.

News of Interest

GERMANY has nearly one million more women than men.

THE first safe deposit company has just been organized in London.

THERE are 2,821,141 voters on the official lists in Great Britain and Ireland.

MR SOTHERN has become one of the managers of the Haymarket Theatre in London.

HIS MAJESTY of Greece is reported to be tired of his bargain, and wants to abdicate.

THE taxable wealth of Texas is said to have been increased 33 per cent in four years.

IT is reported that San Francisco is to have a new theatre and hotel combined, to cost $800,000.

THERE are said to be 122 mountain peaks in southwestern Colorado whose average height is over 13,000 feet.

THE total number of German immigrants that arrived in the United States in 1875 was 183,141, against 56,937 in 1874.

A CHICAGO expressman tendering his services to families changing their residences during the May flitting-time, showed knowledge of human nature by his *Nota Bene*—"Furniture loaded so as to show to the best advantage."

THE English know so little about the Yankee dish called chowder, that they have no other name for it than "fish-broth." It seems that the word, as well as the savoryness, comes to us from the French. Our early fisherman on the banks, mingling with their French brethren, took kindly to the savory French dish, and caught its name from *la chaudiere*, the kettle in which it was cooked.

A TABULAR statement of crime in New York for the past nine years, shows an average of about one conviction to three complaints, and one conviction to two indictments. The last two years show an improvement, the proportion being more equal and the number of convictions smaller, a fact which is considered as proving a decrease of crime and an increase of vigilance on the part of the officers of the law.

IT IS THE opinion of the *American Educational Monthly* that teachers should be occasionally given a European vacation, on the grounds that there is no class of intellectual laborers who are so overworked and underpaid as educators; that they have as much, if not more, to do in giving bent to the inclinations and tastes, and molding the minds of children, than parents even, and should enlarge their ideas by travel; and that teaching is so poorly remunerated that it is difficult to retain good abilities in it.

A CHINESE frigate, the *Yang Wu*, will start on a cruise around the world next fall, and the celestials are anxious to have western studies introduced into the Chinese schools. The Viceroy is becoming sensible, and with such advancement as this would give them, the humor of the Chinese for claiming ascendency in scientific matters may be gratified, while the land of silk-worms and tea will be a good place for the Yankee schoolmaster to establish a spellin'-school, and there may be a demand for Yankee jack-knives for fancy carving.

A NEW YORKER by the name of Sutherland has just recovered $3,500 for the loss of four toes by an accident on the New York Central Railroad. At this rate, counting each toe worth $800, the entire man, supposing him to be of average weight, is valued at $480,000 in the eyes of the intelligent juryman. Now, out in Iowa the other day a boy was killed, absolutely, completely, as entirely as an Egyptian mummy, but the western jury awarded his afflicted parents with only $5,000. It is hard to believe that there is $475,000 difference between the average New Yorker and the youthful Iowan, but among the many astonishing peculiarities of this great country none exceed the wonderfully varied conditions of different sections.

TWO BROTHERS named Gaff have established a mammoth hennery in Colorado, ten miles from Denver. It covers four acres, which is laid out like a village, with streets and avenues, along which are built long rows of houses of various designs. Regular families are assigned to these houses, and it is found that they quickly domesticate themselves without troubling their neighbors. The population of the village is about two thousand, divided closely into social cliques of Brahmas, Cochins, Shanghaes, and Dorkings, and the chief products are eggs and spring chickens. Sundays included, the industrious matrons of the village turn out daily from forty to fifty dozen of eggs, which are sold in Denver for from 30 to 50 cents a dozen. The brothers Graff express but a single regret, and that is that they did not found their colony fifteen years ago, when eggs brought five dollars a dozen, and a spring chicken was worth a penny weight of gold dust.

To Owners of Horses and Cattle

TOBI'S DERBY CONDITION POWDERS are warranted superior to any others, or no pay, for the cure of Distemper, Worms, Bots, Coughs, Hide-Bound, Colds, &c., in Horses; and Colds, Coughs, Loss of Milk, Black Tongue, Horn Distemper, &c., in Cattle. Price, Twenty-five Cents. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

There is no Excuse

For a lady appearing in society with her face covered with freckles, tan, and other disfigurements which the skin is liable to, while they can obtain a harmless toilet preparation for ridding and removing all such blemishes. Ask your druggists for a bottle of Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth." You will be surprised and delighted with the effect it will produce. After using a short time it will leave the skin soft, smooth, clear, and radiant in beauty.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

OBSERVATIONS ON

NASAL CATARRH.

An abstract from a forthcoming work on diseases of the throat and air-passages, by A. N. WILLIAMSON, M.D., late Clinical Physician in the University Medical College, New York City. Mailed to any address for 10 cents. Address the author, 28 East 21th street, N. Y.

Dr. WILLIAMSON'S great success in the treatment of Catarrhal and throat and lung affections, renders valuable whatever comes from his pen."—*Journal of Medical Sciences.*

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SELF-EDUCATION.

All men of distinction are self-educated men in one sense. The early possession of what are commonly termed educational "advantages," is of little value unless those who enjoy them have in themselves the elements without which such advantages are worthless. Given these elements, and the "advantages" are not indispensable, although valuable. Circumstances have much to do in developing taste for study, which is the common characteristic of all thoroughly educated men. Many a young man who now looks upon the study of books as a dry and irksome task, would, if his attention were fixed upon some subject adapted to his tastes and moderate acquirements, entirely change his views. Without underrating the value of proper instructions, the fact that so many men have been able to achieve scientific eminence without it, is sufficient encouragement to such as are perforce deprived of it. To such—and there are not a few among the youth of this country—we offer a few suggestions as to the best course for self-training.

In higher institutions of learning it is usual to say one *reads* Latin or Greek, or mathematics, rather than he studies this or the other subject. The word "read" is here a synonym for "study." That is right; to read properly is to study in its highest sense. It is a much more difficult thing to read than most people think. For the most part, that which is called reading is mere skimming. It occupies an idle hour by placing a variety of images before the mind in rapid succession, like a kaleidoscope, but like the images of that amusing toy, each is forgotten as a new one is presented; and after all is done, nothing remains but a dim recollection of a jumble of colors. Nothing definite, nothing valuable is retained. "But," says one, "I read for amusement, and as long as I get that, I wish nothing more." To him we reply that our suggestions are not for him, at least until his tastes are radically changed. Only this much we will say to him; he greatly mistakes if he supposes that even the highest degree of amusement is to be obtained in such reading.

We affirm that when a youth has acquired the power to *read his own language*, in the full meaning of the term, he is nine-tenths educated. We care not if he has never looked into a work on mathematics, or conjugated a Latin verb. He may know little or nothing of the sciences; but he has acquired the power to know anything that any other mind can know, because he has mastered the means by which all knowledge is accessible to him—his mother tongue. Not obtained such a critical knowledge of its etymology as he will obtain by a classical course of reading, or of the niceties of grammatical construction; but mastered it in that he holds the keys that will unlock all the storehouses of learning. He is a mental gymnast, who, although he has never attempted to raise the heavy weights of knowledge and science, need have no fear that he will fail in his attempts when he essays it.

Young men who are desirous to educate themselves, should select elementary treatises at first; such as treat of their subjects in a familiar manner. Having thus selected, they should set about reading them with the stern determination not to let a single page, or line, or word, pass uncomprehended. Geographical names should be properly pronounced and the places they indicate carefully fixed in his mind. Allusions to men and events should be at once followed by research into the histories of the men and the events themselves. The habit of fixed attention is also of the utmost importance. A wandering mind is essentially a weak mind. If anything is unworthy attention, renounce it altogether; do not acquire that bad habit of at once half listening, and half pondering, so common and so enervating to mental vigor. Remember always, that *to act* is not so important as the *power* to get. Strive to obtain strength of mind rather than many ill-digested facts. Do not swallow facts whole any more than you would your food. Chew and digest. Overloading is as bad for the mind as for the stomach, therefore avoid cramming. Seek to learn the general principles of science rather than the bare details; the details will come upon application of the principles. Cultivate the habit of closely observing everything you see. Every natural thing is worth the closest inspection. Works of art and mechanical constructions are good studies, whether meritorious or otherwise. If good, seek to know the elements of their worth; if bad, criticise their faults. If your tastes incline to any particular field of study, let them run. Do not seek to stop them. You will succeed best in that field.

If ill luck befall you, think that it may be a blessing to somebody else, and that your turn may come next.

JUNE—A PROSE IDYL.

BY RICHARD REALF.

This is the month of June. "What is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, comes pleasant weather." Did you say you were tired? Well, then, let us for a day betake ourselves far out of reach of city sights and sounds; far away from the iron realities of manufactories and railroads, into the broad, green country, delivering ourselves up to that soothing and subtle joy which nature, the dear and gracious mother of us all, diffuses through the being of all her children who come to her with an open heart and a seeing eye. Communion for a day with her sights, sounds, colors and forms—the hieroglyphics of God—and with the inner spirit which gives them life, meaning and language to the soul—closeness to her mighty heart, and contact with her informing mind, will inspire, heal, soothe and refresh your vital energies for months to come. Happy they, whose characters can now and then take a touch from her gentle ministries, and feel her spirit filling them, as the Maker fills the universe, silently and without noise.

Here are the woods and fields. There waves the growing grain, and yonder the great trees beckon us to their fragrant shade. On the right the clover meadows scent all the summer air, and on the left the clear, cold brook runs rippling with low, sweet laughters at having stolen the secret of the mountain springs. Here, on this emerald sward, leaning against this brave old oak, canopied by the brooding sky, let us awhile sit down, yielding ourselves up to the mastery of the exquisite spell which steals over the senses more softly than the south wind "breathing upon a bank of violets," and communing with that ineffable Presence

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

Do you mark the mysterious sounds which stir among the trees and in the grass, so delicate and refined as almost to leave one in doubt whether it is outward music and motion, or only the pulses throbbing in his own ears? See, too, how the golden light is shivered into a million lances amid the overhanging boughs. Is that lofty pine as tall as it seems? Do you remember what poor Tom Hood wrote, when the painful wisdom of the world had displaced the simple ignorance of his childish days, and he knew that the tops of the poplar trees did *not* touch the sky? "Ah, me!" sang the brave and tender heart—

"Ah me! 'tis little joy,
To know I'm further off from Heaven,
Than when I was a boy."

But it was not far off from him, let us believe.

No; that was not the note of a bird; it was the sound of a child's voice. Here they come, a troop of them, the demi-deities of the cradle and hearthside, the dimpled darlings of some father's household, some loving mother's heart. The value of a day in the country is increased tenfold by contact with the sanctity, the freshness and mystery of childhood, with its untroubled laughters, its fleeting tears, its sinless dreams, and memories that reach back to heaven. What a picture of despairing and inconsolable anguish does that line of the wifeless lover reveal—

"Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast."

You have seen blossomless boughs, fruitless trees, nestless bushes, have you not? Well, they are not half so dead and dull to the eye as to the heart are homes that never knew the perfumed and dainty and touching grace of children.

"They are better than any ballads
That ever were sung or said:
For they are living poems,
And all the rest are dead."

There is a little cottage. It is evidently their home, and you may be sure they make it joyous and lyric with love. There! the mother calls to them. See how fast their little feet toddle homeward at the sound of her singing voice. Homeward! It is a *little* house, you observe, and probably not their own. But it is their *home;* for where mated man and woman meet, in the midst of filial and reverent children, there are we to look for the sweetest fountains of earthly happiness, and the noblest import of home. Time to start, did you say? Do the cars return so soon?

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

The path of life meanders through a bright and beautiful world; a world where the fragrant flowers of friendship, nourished by the gentle dews of sympathy and the warm sunlight of affection, bloom in perennial beauty. But through this bright world there flows a stream whose turbid waters cross and recross the path of every pilgrim—it is the stream of human suffering.

Nearly six thousand years have passed since it flowed out through Eden's gate; yet it still rolls onward, ever becoming broader and deeper. Its sources are hidden in the inmost recesses of human hearts, and its tributaries flow out from every hearthstone in the land. Man strives in vain to check its progress—it is uncontrollable.

Science and art may press into their service all the blind forces of nature. They may unite distant places by parallel bands of iron, and cause the never-tiring locomotives swiftly to speed from the eastern to the western sea. With lightning-like rapidity they may send messages of hope or tidings of despair through air and ocean. They may even go beyond these, and determine the nature of the very elements which compose the heavenly bodies. But, when they seek to stop the flow of this mighty stream, they are confronted by the mandate, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

Education has done much to overcome the evils of ignorance and barbarism; but it has also done much to increase our capacity for suffering. We are now surrounded by the advantages and comforts of civilization; but are we happier than were our ancestors in ruder times? If we look about us to-day, and mark the varied expressions upon the faces of those we meet, we shall see lines of care which speak in language too plain to be misunderstood. They tell of youthful dreams unrealized; of hopes blasted by the frosts of time; of broken ties of friendship; and of sad, aching hearts. Other lines there are, which tell of sorrows too deep for utterance; sorrows which are denied even the consolation of human sympathy. They tell of hearts which have reached the acme of human suffering, and of times when the soul has despairingly recoiled from the burdens of existence.

IN SILENCE NOW.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

O day so sweet! O time so fair!
When summer spread her glories in the air!
When through this purple space
Floated a form of grace,
And locks of pale gold were drifting on the air!
What time my fond heart beat
To songs so wildly sweet,
To footfalls from her fairy feet,
That rest in silence now!

O face so fair! O voice so sweet!
O joys that seemed beyond all joys complete!
When, in some sunny lane,
I had not watched in vain
For vision that had made the summer day complete.
When the white, fragrant bloom
Of violets through the gloom
Had curtained not her lonely tomb,
Where broods such silence now!

O hush of the low tender psalm,
That cometh to me o'er the deep sea's calm!
My soul to higher things
Shall rise on joyous wings,
And wait in lowliness: for she hath won the palm!
A little life is spent;
But greater life is sent;
And love hath made more eloquent
The utter silence now!

MONKEY TRICKS.

BY REV. DR. BADGER.

Will the printer please be careful (as Bishop Clarke said at the close of an article headed "Rubbish") to put a *period*, and not a *comma*, between the above title and the writer's name. Otherwise there might be mistakes. And with all deference to ecclesiastical dignity and journalistic reputation, we are no more willing to be misconstrued in such a case, than would have been the illustrious author just mentioned, to see his own editorial announced to the reading public as "Rubbish, by Bishop Clarke."

Should Darwin ever lecture with the purpose of making converts, he would do well to choose for his audience room the monkey-house of a zoological garden. Let any doubter of this statement refresh his memory—at our own Park here, in Philadelphia, if he can—with another look at the Simians. The longer they are watched, the more they seem like folks; consequently the less difficulty in recognizing them as "the missing link" in the chain of development by which man was "formed out of the dust of the earth."

We may remark, in passing, that the Darwinian theory, at least in this particular, so far from contradicting Scripture, confirms it. Not that we believe the theory. Mr. Darwin will, of course, be disheartened at this announcement. We are sorry; but it is one that truth imperatively elicits. Yet the theory is not impossible; nor would it, if it were true, diminish the authority of the Bible. It only brings down human pride. And it is not the first time that pride, being humbled, has cried out, "The Scriptures are menaced; religion totters." Neither one nor the other have ever been or ever will be in the slightest danger from poor humanity.

Therefore, though reiterating disbelief in the Darwinian theory, we apprehend no danger from giving it all the show that its ingenuity entitles it to, and fearlessly mention in its favor the additional circumstance that, turning from the tricks of monkeys to the tricks of mankind, the resemblance is so close as to be confusing, and to prepare one's mind for the appeal on moral pocket-handkerchiefs issued by the Cruelty Prevention Society: "Am I not a monkey and a brother?"

"Yes, sir," said the guard; "the dead ones are dissected at the University. They have the same organs, the same diseases and the same sense" (not "senses;" he distinctly said "sense") "as we have."

And then he put his face close to a little fellow near the bars, and whistled a few notes, which the monkey *instantly whistled after him*, only more musically! It was Blondel and the captive Richard Lion-Heart over again.

"Keep away from the cage, madam, or they'll steal your spectacles!"

The old lady apparently had not read the newspapers very lately, for it was necessary to caution her twice. Then she drew back, and the consequence was, that a grave personage (inside the cage), who had pretended to be lost in thought while watching those identical glasses out of the corner of a very bright eye, missed his grab, and had all his dissimulation for nothing.

Who is this coming in with onions? And what a scamper to meet him! Exactly like schoolboys over a playground at the appearance of the cake woman, scramble the monkeys over their straw-strewn floor, which is like the rush-strewn floors in middle-aged castles. "Every monkey for himself," is their motto; and, of course, the strongest would get the choice pieces, and the weaker be left to starve, but for the interference of a higher power. Which is not at all like human nature, is it? Man, who disdains such ancestors, and scouts Darwin and his foolishness, never crowds for the best seats in a car or a concert-room, or, for that matter, even in a church; never scrambles to table in a crowded hotel; never tries to beat off struggling competitors in business!

"Boss" does all that, and gets rapped by the higher powers in consequence. He is a wiry, silvery-haired and, therefore, venerable-looking old humbug, who snatches the fairest slices from the little chaps, drives them away from the water-pans, pulls their tails, and even administers a sly bite when he thinks nobody is looking, though he is apt to be betrayed by the screams of the victim. So at feeding time the guard *keeps* guard with a stick, and "Boss" is obliged to take his meals at the second table.

But is there any warning or moral lesson to humanity in this? No. A queer parallel, though, to "Boss" his experience was furnished the other day by a Simian young man, whom a higher power caught sportively and cruelly *pinching a monkey's tail*. Higher power happened to have with him a heavy cane, and, as if he had been disciplining "Boss," only harder, he brought into contact with the ruffian's knuckles that cane's head, which deserves for that exploit to be replaced with a gold one.

Look again. The onions have vanished, and are succeeded by the flowing bowl. But "Tom" is up on the bars, sulking, by himself, like Zimmerman meditating on solitude, and will not come down in his turn to drink, therefore, after waiting some time, the keeper takes a stick—not to strike him—merely to employ as a more pointed argument than patience, which "Tom" obviously feels free to abuse. Nothing human in that. And "Tom." Did you ever see the "Lady of Lyons?" What a question! Remember where Claude's friend comes in and says, "Blows to a French citizen?" Well "Tom" quotes all that speech, and looks it, too, better than is usually done by professionals. It was once our privilege and delight to watch a highly distinguished but absurdly absent-minded gentleman, who had forgotten to pay for his supper on board a steamboat, scolding the captain's clerk for causing him to be followed about by a waiter. In the lapse of years we had forgotten that scene, but, positively, that indignant monkey brought it all back in bright colors.

On the other hand, how much, if monkeys imitate mankind in social behavior, do mankind imitate monkeys in certain points of moral conduct! Humiliating, but true. See. You know how cunning our Simian connections are. Very good.

Dullas was going to business one day last fall, when he met young Seyton Outerfell.

"Seyton," said he, "I was just thinking of you when you appeared."

"Talk of the ——"

"Yes, I know," Dullas interrupted; "but I've got a few hundreds to invest. Advise me."

Seyton reflected a moment.

"Well," said he, "I know of a good thing, but it is doubtful if you can get in."

"What? What?" asked Dullas, pricking up his ears.

"Why it's hardly worth while telling you; but still, as you are a friend——"

"Come, man, I'll do a good turn for you some day."

"All right. If you can get enough 'Coney Island preferred,' you'll make a fortune."

Dullas looked surprised. In fact he was, and he said so.

Seyton smiled peculiarly.

That smile contradicted every rumor Dullas had heard about Coney Island.

Then Seyton went on to tell him about it. He had great faith in Seyton's shrewdness. The event justified it.

"I really don't know, though, where you can get that stock," added his disinterested friend, "unless—yes, Hardcastle told me that the Clarences still had a little of it, which they wouldn't sell him."

The mention of Charley Hardcastle and the Clarences settled the matter. Mr. Dullas bought the shares.

Next day he met the handsomest of the three brothers, who happened to be an intimate friend.

"Sorry I was out yesterday," said that gentleman.

But Dullas replied:

"Wait till you hear what Outerfell knows about Coney Island."

The answer was petrifying.

"My dear Dull, those very shares were Outerfell's."

"Then," cried Mr. Dullas, "it was a vile monkey trick!"

So it was. And many like it might be cited, not only in business, but in social life, and even in politics. Nay, if all sources of information may be credited, even the administration of national affairs has not been always free from "artful dodging" of a similar kind.

It was a monkey trick, for example, that the Indian Agents used to play when, after honestly distributing supplies, they tapped the whisky barrels, and, before the red men left the ground, got back almost everything from a large majority, leaving them destitute, and exposing the frontier settlers to untold horrors at their desperate hands.

How, too, is monkey mischievousness shown foolishly in practical joking, or, wickedly, in reckless dissipation! and monkey imitativeness exhibited in the countless follies of "the fashions," whatever be fashioned thereby!

Our limits exclude the pictures that might be drawn and the stories that might be told in further illustration.

But this is the sum of the matter—that in any sulky behavior, impotent rage, bullying ruffianism, or low cunning in any time service, or sordid grasping, or crowding away of others to edge self in, mankind step down from what is due to their own self-respect, at least as far as to the next link below them in the chain, if not of development, clearly of gradation, and, while making themselves odious, also make themselves ridiculous. Indeed, while the monkey, for all that is unamiable in an otherwise charming character, may plead *being* a monkey, men, who know better, so lower themselves in the scale of creation by imitating their inferiors, that any respectable baboon might shame to own them as even distant cousins. And it may not be an unprofitable reflection, while our higher intelligence laughs at his behavior, that higher intelligences still mourn over, and that a higher power yet will finally requite our own.

A DUTCH LAUNDRY.

At the top of the house, both in town and country, is invariably to be found a spacious laundry, extending, in fact, over the whole area of the house. In this the linen is stored in presses, and the clothing of the past season, winter or summer, all duly turned inside out, hangs on pegs all about. Here, twice in the year, Merrouw holds her grand saturnalia. Without doubt, the most important item in a Dutch girl's dowry is linen. The quantity she thinks necessary for her own person and for household purposes is enormous. But then it should be known that she "washes" (the linen, of course) but twice in the year. Cuffs, collars and muslins, she says, must be washed often; but all other things are flung, for a time, into huge buck-baskets big enough for a half dozen Falstaffs to hide in. Indeed, these are astounding baskets, and when full will weigh four or five hundred weight.

Every house has a block or pulley firmly fixed to the ornamented coping of the roof, which, indeed, is purposely constructed to carry this useful machine, and forms a noticeable feature in the architecture of all the Dutch houses; and by means of the block these huge baskets are readily lifted to and from the laundry, and furniture or heavy articles of any kind to the other stories through the windows. A visitor for the first time may see with amused bewilderment that particularly lumbering trunk of his wife's, which had been the despair of railway porters throughout his journey, whipped up by invisible hands to a height of sixty or seventy feet in no time, and disappear through a bedroom window.

The clothes are simply rough washed in the country, and, when sent back, all the females in the house set to work for a good fortnight to mangle and iron, starch and crimp; and you may be sure that every bit of clothing a Dutch young lady of the middle classes is wearing has thus been got up by her own fair hands.

SATURDAY EVENING SKETCHES.

NUMBER TWELVE.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

It was such a fair, young face that looked up at me from the long slab at the morgue to-day; such a quiet, peaceful face, though the soft, curling hair brushed back from it was garlanded with sea-weed, that told its own sad, but ah! too common story; and a little bruise upon the forehead kept moaning of the rocks!

It was such a beautiful face, too. The cheeks were full and round, the mouth small and winsome; the outline, from brow to throat, delicate, almost patrician; and the wide-open, brown eyes were gazing fixedly upward, not in a dazed, frightened way, but as if they were watching something beautiful far beyond the reach of the folded hands, "beyond the reaping and the weeping" and where the weary rest.

It was a rough place, the room where the still form lay. Rough men went in and out, some of them with soft, sorrowful step, as if thoughts of their own young girls possessed them; others, with coarse jest and laugh, as if Death were a jolly boy, with whom they could crack a joke or swing a shillalah; others, still, with white, scared faces, and wide, wet, wondering eyes.

Outside, the sun shone clear and warm. Crowds surged past the windows to and from the steamers lying at the wharf; little children shaded their eyes and peered in through the dusty panes till driven away by the police; birds of every hue flew hither and thither, singing as if no sad thing troubled the world, and over all was the deep clear blue of a sky whose perfectness an artist would rave over, but never could paint.

What to the great city without was the one dead heart within that basement room? A thousand such as she might be made one with Death in the dark of a single night, and never be missed at all, except from its pauper roll. There would be an eight-lined announcement in the newspapers of a day, which a few would read and sigh over, but which the many would never even glance at, and there would the end be, so far as this life goes.

"Poor thing poor thing!"

There was such a genuine ring of true sympathy in the tone that I turned to look at the speaker. It was a woman, old, and apparently feeble, though she carried a basket of freshly laundried linen and a baby that seemed perfectly at home in that strange, sad place, and crowed and laughed in happy baby style.

"Can you tell me anything?" I asked. "Did you know her?" putting my questions in mistaken order, but eager to learn something of the young girl's life.

"Know her?" she answered, softly. "A little. It's many's the times she's drop't into my ould room like a bit o' the spring sunshine to give me a hand wid the washin' or the baby. An' it's one of God's blessed angels she was."

"And what drove her *to this?*"

"To the river?" The old lady's face grew hard and cold in an instant. "You're a thinkin' 'twas *shame*," she added, after a moment's searching look into my eyes; "but I can tell ye 'twas *poverty*, and that's the sacret."

She was turning to go then, but I laid my hand on her shoulder.

"Is there nothing more you can tell me?" I asked. "I do not ask from curiosity alone. I am so, *so* sorry for the hearts that must ache for her."

She looked once more, searchingly, into my eyes, saying, as if she doubted I had spoken truth:

"*You* sorry for *them?*"

"O, indeed, indeed I am!—sorry for *any* heart where sorrow is, and must be."

"There's a deal I *might* tell ye, an' I had the time for it," she said, softening perceptibly. "But I have to go to Thirtieth street wid the clothes, and git home to make ready the dinner for me big boy, Joe, this leetle fellow's daddy. His mother died whin he was born, you see, an' I've toted him ever since. An' I love him, too, don't I, Toadie?—love him as if I *borned* him."

Toadie winked affirmatively, and the little fat fist he was sucking just then, with an earnestness that suggested a need of something more nourishing, though less substantial, testified to the grandmother's loving care, as perhaps nothing else could.

I had no wish—as I had no right—to detain her, so with a last look at

"That peaceful face wherein all past distress
Had melted into perfect loveliness."

we left the room and went up the avenue together.

"Many's the time, ma'am, O, many and many's the time the poor thing has told me of her ould mother in Ireland, and how her heart was that broken at partin' she had never been herself entirely sence."

The woman did not seem to mind her burdens nor the staring of the passers-by, but talked as if there were much to be said, and but a moment for the saying.

"How long has she been here?" I asked.

"Only sence last fall. And you know how it's been with the poor—willin' hands for the most part, but nothin' for 'em to do. And so she stealin' the beg gin' and the starvin.'"

"Yes, yes; but *she* did none of those?"

"Well—I'm not so sure. I wouldn't wonder she'd been hungrier 'an anybody's known of a good many times. She lived with her brother, an' he was out of work the whole winter long, an' a complainin' of her being' a tax on him an' his wife. An' betwixt 'em they drove her to the river—God rest the sowl of her!"

Big, honest tears were dripping down on the pallid cheeks, but the baby laughed in the sunshine, and the sparrows were merry in the large lawn fronting the window through which came the wonderful strains of *Pettito del Passato.*

"You are sure of this?"

"Yes, *sure.* An' the poor creetur could get no work. Day after day through the deep snows an' in the fearful cold she was a goin' an' a huntin', an' all for nothin' at the first an' at the last. Why, ma'am, it's meself as has seen her a wringin' her two purty hands, an' a cryin' for the mother in ould Ireland till her head was crazy wid the pain an' her cheeks red hot with fever. But she didn't let *them* know. She allers tried to be chirpy, an' to keep up the sperits o' the rest; an' when she couldn't any longer for the ache in her poor heart, then she'd run to me an' cry it all out with her curly head in my lap, an' she a longin' for the mother that never will see her no more, poor thing."

"And then?"

"Well, things went on so a good while, till finally Patrick—he's her brother, ma'am—he said as how he couldn't stan' it, an' he wished she was back in ould Ireland wid her mother."

"And she?"

"She just straightened herself up like a queen, all white and ghost-like, sayin' as how she was sorry she had troubled him at all, and she would never trouble him any more. Then she put her teeth hard and tight together, shutting her lip between them till the blood trickled down over her chin—a red path in the snow—and went out upon the street. And *that* is the end of it!" giving her head a toss in the direction of the morgue.

"*That* is the end of it!"

Would God it *were* so. Would God there were no mother's heart to ache and to break when the news go over the waters and fall like thunderbolts on body, brain and soul.

Perhaps she will be sitting at her sewing beside her window that overlooks the sea when the letter of doom will be laid upon her lap. Perhaps she will have just been thinking how happy they are together in the New World, over whose threshold she cannot cross because her feet are so weary and so old—how young and how happy they are—the boy and the girl nourished in infancy at her breast, and cradled *always* in her heart. Perhaps she will have just been praying for them in hope and faith and love; and of a sudden some one will enter her room with the very letter she has longed for such a long time.

What a bound her heart will give! Her old hands will tremble so for joy she scarce can break the seal, and her eyes will shine like twin stars up in heaven.

Then?

The blessed God be good to her, and let her die in the first fierce pang of her soul's too bitter travail! Let her old, withered lids shut down tight and forever over her staring eyes, and her soul go speedily to where charity is broad and wide and deep, as are the purposes which, being divine, are hence such mysteries to us who labor or loiter in the land, so full of sunshine for one, and of wild storm for another! Let her find her beautiful again—her beautiful for whom waited silks and jewels and luxuries of every kind if she would take them, and the shame which alone can purchase them for such as she; her beautiful who chose death when the thousand would have chosen dishonor, and went down to his embrace as sinless as a child leaving her soul to the mercy of Him who alone can judge us justly.

The moon shines to-night on another pauper grave. It sails on calmly across seas of space, and is mirrored in seas that bear the argosies of many a hoping heart—that bury the life and the love of many who still walk about—go here and there—do this and that, smile a little—weep a little, and yet do but *exist*, because *life* is with *loss* in the caverns under the sea.

And *we* drift on to the "days of the endless year," praying to lift glad eyes at last from the dawn that follows our life's last Saturday night.

THE APPLE BLOSSOM AND THE TULIP.

Such a lovely day as it was! The young green grass waved in the soft wind; the air was full of sunshine; the bees hummed among the flowers; the birds sang gaily in the branches. In the orchard, close by the flower-garden, the fruit trees were all in bloom. The apple blossoms nestled down among the cool, green leaves, all crowding together in thick clusters, except one solitary flower which hung from the extreme end of one of the lowest branches.

In a bed close by, a group of tulips, scarlet, golden, and purple, lifted their gaudy heads above the more unpretending flowers, and seemed to look down rather scornfully on these modest companions, though many of them were more fragrant than they.

The poor little white apple blossom, from its branch in the tree, looked sorrowfully down on the beautiful tulips.

"Alas!" she sighed, "why was I not made like those gorgeous flowers? How tall and splendid they are—every one who passes stops to admire them, while I am left unnoticed and uncared for. A poor little white blossom, I am neither pleasing nor useful."

And as she sighed again, a blade of grass lifting its head asked:

"Is the dew falling so soon?"

But the cool drop that fell upon it was only a tear the little blossom had shed.

In the garden, the tulips drooped their heads in the fierce sunshine.

"Oh," cried one, "why was I made so beautiful but with no sheltering leaves to screen my head from the burning heat? Better to be that humble apple blossom, which hangs so peacefully from its bough within the cool shade of the leafy branches, for I shall soon fade away and die, and be forgotten."

Just then, a ray of sunlight fell athwart the grass like a golden path leading from heaven to earth; and down this bright path flew a little bird, white as the purest snow, and shining as though its feathers were made of silver, and perching on the branch beside the apple blossom, it said:

"Oh, foolish little blossom, to mourn because thou art not the tulip; does not thy sweet perfume fill all the air, and are there not a few who think thee more beautiful than the tulip even? Rest contented with thy humble lot; and soon thou shalt lay aside thy plain white form, and shalt become a lovely apple, and be more useful, and more admired, than the brilliant flowers that thou, in thy miserable repinings, now enviest."

And looking down from the tree, the beautiful bird said to the tulip:

"Take courage, poor flower. Although thou art now oppressed by the scorching heat, yet if thou wilt bear patiently the burden of the weary day, the evening will soon come with its dewy coolness, and bring to thee refreshment and peace."

Then singing a strange, sweet song, such as was never heard on earth before, the shining bird fluttered its snow-white wings, rose into the sky, and disappeared. And soon the shadows of the twilight began to fall; the tulip raised its drooping head—and the apple blossom closed its eyes in sleep.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is one of the old reliables. Fifty-four years is the mature age it has reached, and yet this would not be suspected by the reader, as it is as sprightly and brilliant as ever.—*Literary Gem, Schoolcraft, Mich., May,* 1875.

A COLD moment shuts up to lovers, as a cold night does to bees, the flowers out of which they take the honey.

PHIL McCARTY AND THE FAIRIES.

Away back in those good old times, when the "little folks" dwelt in their gem-decorated grottoes, peeped out of every retired glen, reveled among the flowers, and performed their merry dance on the green meadows and over moonlight sward—lived Phil McCarty.

Phil was a poor, but honest man. He had a large family of helpless children, and a poor sickly wife to support by his labor. He was a shoemaker by trade; and though he hammered and stitched from morning till night, and sometimes from night till morning, he could scarcely keep starvation from his door. His children often cried from hunger; and it was no new thing for Phil, himself, to go supperless to bed.

Amidst these discouragements he hammered and sung, and stitched and whistled all the day long, so that people used to call him the "merry cobbler."

Old Stoneheart, Phil's landlord, was a hard man, as all misers are. From beneath a narrow forehead, peeped two keen, little gray eyes; while his great hooked nose, shriveled cheeks, and thin, compressed lips, showed an absence of every other love than that of gain. His old slouched hat might have been cast away by his grandfather; and his coat and pantaloons were so clouted over with patches of different cloth of divers colors, that it was impossible to tell what they had originally been made of. He lived in an old stone house, the doors and windows of which he kept constantly barred and bolted, for fear of robbers.

It had been a month of unusual hardships on the poor shoemaker. What with the increased expenses attendant on the illness of his wife, and his custom so falling off as to leave him half the time unemployed, he had been unable to save his month's rent, which was now due. His landlord would be on hand to the very moment. What would he say? What excuse would Stoneheart accept? What was to be done? While he was thus musing his landlord entered.

Phil resolved to put on a bold front, and by a simple and truthful narration of his sorrows, find way to the old man's heart, if he had any. He went on to relate the story of his domestic afflictions, but he had not proceeded far when he was interrupted by Stoneheart:

"Tut, tut, man: what have I to do wid your sick wife. It's me rint I'm afther—me rint, Phil McCarty, and not to listen to your blatheren stories. By the holy St. Patrick, if ye have it not by the morrow this time, ye will see what ye will see."

With this threat he turned away. Phil knew too well what it meant. Had he not, only the month before, driven off the cow and two pigs of Widow McCrea, and turned her out of doors without a stitch, save what she had on her back, though on her knees, and with streaming eyes, she pleaded poverty and sickness? Phil expected no mercy.

For once the merry cobbler's courage failed him. He knew not what to do, nor where to turn. The vision of his sick wife and helpless children out of doors and without food or clothing, terrified him. Finishing the work he was engaged on, and snatching up his hat and coat, he sought relief in a walk in the fresh air and bright sunshine. It was all dark to him. He did not see the green fields, nor hear the joyous song of the birds. He wandered on, and on, not knowing or caring where he went. He was just entering a little valley, down the centre of which murmured a small stream, when he was aroused by the rough voice of old Stoneheart:

"Expicting to find me rint growing out of the ground, I suppose. Better be at home wid your awl and last."

To this rude address Phil made no reply. Turning short, he passed up the little valley. He arrived at a retired spot, where the trees stood thickly together, excluding the sun and forming a cooling shade. There was something in the surroundings—in the very loneliness of the place—soothing to his mind. He sat down on the mossy bank of the stream, and, burying his face in his hands, gave vent to his grief.

He had not been seated long when he was addressed in a merry voice:

"What, what, my good man; why do you sit there blubbering like a whipped child?"

Raising his head, he saw standing before him one of the "little folks." He was peering into Phil's face with two of the brightest, merriest, most mischievous eyes he had ever seen. He wore a red cap, terminating in a sharp point, from which dangled a tassel with silver fringes. His blue coat was made of the finest silk velvet, and his vest of beautifully figured white satin. Yellow plush breeches, fastened with golden buckles studded with diamonds, and white silk stockings, held to their places with garters inwoven with gold thread, covered his lower extremities. He wore on his tiny pedals buff colored satin slippers, buttoned at the instep with rubies. He bore in his hand a wand, tipped with an emerald.

Phil was surprised and alarmed at this unexpected apparition, and stammered out—

"Plase your riverence——"

"I am no riverence," said Robin Goodfellow, for it was none other than he.

"Plase your lordship, then——"

"Neither am I your lordship," said Robin, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Well, plase your honor, then," continued Phil; "old Stoneheart, the miser, is going to turn me sick wife and children out into the world, without a baubee to bless us withal, and all because I cannot pay him his bit of rint."

"So, so," rejoined Robin. "Why, then, are you not at work instead of blubbering here?"

"Work, is it? Sure an' it is few stitches I have to take these sorry days. In truth, it is for want of it that ruin is now knocking at me door."

"Stitches?"

"Yes," continued Phil, "I follow the humble profession of cordwainer, as it is called by the gentale people, but better known among common folks as shoemaker, and as good a one, though I say it myself, as there is in all the counthry."

"Ah," said Robin, "you are fortunate. That restless elf, Obero, the shoemaker of all Fairyland, has gone off on a "tramp," neglecting work that must be finished in time for the full moon fairy dance, two weeks from to-night. If I get hold of his red cap, I will see that he does not get it again for one twelve month."

"Get hold of his cap? What does your honor mane by that?"

"Mean? Why, that the spalpeen cannot leave me while I have his cap."

"I was just in search of a shoemaker," continued Robin; "but, since I have fallen in with you, I need go no further. Here is the material for a lot of slippers, the measures of which you will find enclosed, and which I want finished in your best style." Saying this, he handed Phil a neatly folded package.

Phil's boast was not in vain. No one in all the country could make a neater fit, or do better work. But when he saw the roll of fine material out of which he was to manufacture fairy slippers, his heart failed him. What was he to do? To decline the work would be to say that he did not want work; and to say that he could not do it, would be to swallow the proud boast he had just made. He at last faltered out, that as he had never made any fairy slippers, he was afraid the character of his work would fall below that of Obero's.

"Try it," said Robin; "all comes of trying. Meet me here in one week from this time, and we shall then see what you can do."

Thrusting a purse of gold into his hand, the Fairy disappeared.

When Phil looked at the shining gold, his joy would have been unbounded, only for the misgivings which arose from conscious inability to execute the work he had undertaken. But then the Fairy had said, "All comes of trying." He would try, and he could but fail.

As he was passing down the glen, musing on his strange adventure, he saw a small red cap lying on the ground, and, remembering what Robin had just stated, he picked it up and thrust it in his pocket. He heard a noise a little way off under the bank. He hastened to the spot, and, to his surprise, he saw a large heron trying to catch in his beak one of the tiniest little creatures he ever saw. Phil drove the bird away, when the little man poured out a volley of thanks.

"Who are you?" inquired Phil.

"I am Obero, the shoemaker of Fairyland," answered the little man. "I was just returning from a visit to my friends, when I caught my cap on a bush, and was attacked by the huge animal from which you have just delivered me."

"I am a shoemaker, too," said Phil. "Come home with me and let us go into business together."

He knew the elf could not resist, for he had his cap safely stowed away in his pocket.

"Please wait, sir, till I find my cap," insisted the little shoemaker, in alarm; and he began looking for it under the bank and among the leaves.

"Yer cap, is it? Sure and I have it safe enough. Come along with me," said Phil, "and we will talk about it some other time."

Phil now passed on with a merry heart, for he knew that he had under his control the very one who could help him out of his troubles. As for old Stoneheart, let him come; he now had gold.

When he reached home he showed the little shoemaker the work that Robin had given him to do, and told him that he must have his assistance.

"I must first go to Fairyland," said Obero, "and get my tools, and then you must provide me a room where I can work unseen by any one."

"The last is easily arranged," said Phil, "but how are you to get your tools?"

"Oh, with your permission," replied Obero, "that will be easy enough. You only have to allow me to go, and I will return after the sun is down."

When evening came, it brought the little shoemaker with his tiny kit of tools. Meanwhile Phil had fitted up an old loft, having no furniture but a straw bed and an old stool for a chair, and the only light of which entered through a hole in the gable, covered with greased papers.

Into this unseemly place Phil introduced Obero, the shoemaker of Fairyland. He now unfolded the package he had received from Robin Goodfellow. It was composed of white, pink, and blue satins, with the finest silk fastenings, with tanned mole skins for soles. It contained, also, small gold buckles, set with jewels and pearls, rubies and emeralds for fastenings.

He delivered the material to his fairy workman, and coming out, fastened the door.

Whenever he awoke during the night, he heard the tap, tap, tap of the little hammer, but so gently that it was not louder than the noise made by a butterfly's wing.

In the morning, true to his threat, old Stoneheart, attended with an officer of the law, came for his rent. Not expecting to get it, he had come prepared to set the family of the shoemaker out in the road.

As he entered with the officer at his heels, Phil arose, and, making a polite bow, said:

"The top of the morning to ye, Mr. Stoneheart. Ye have the law on your side, an'——"

The miser, thinking this blandness of manner on the part of Phil was but a ruse to gain more time, interrupted him by saying:

"None of your blathering this morning, Phil McCarty; its me rint I'm afther—have ye me rint?"

"Troth, an' I knew. But I was going to say that ye had law on your side, and had come to enforce it, even if justice an' humanity did stand on the other side."

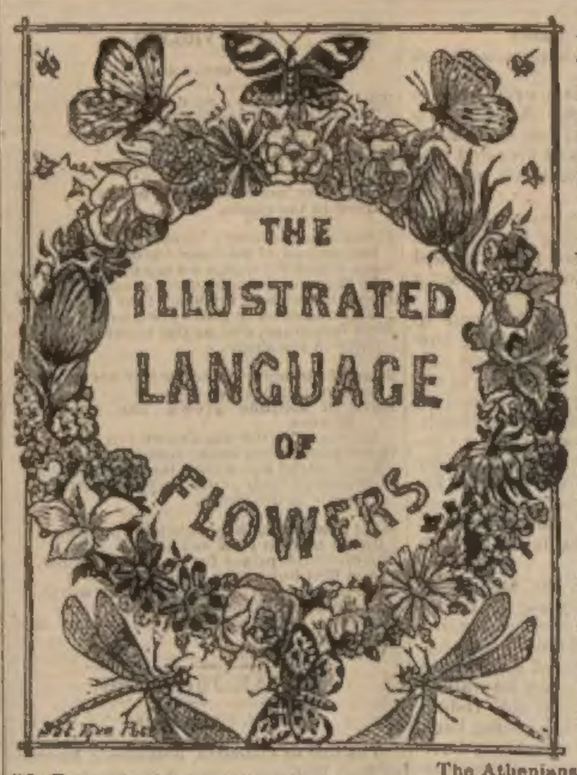
"Niver mind what ye were going to say. Give me me rint."

Phil paid him his rint. After counting it over two or three times, and weighing each piece on the end of his finger, and ringing it on the floor to assure himself it was not counterfeit, he pulled a great wallet out of a side pocket in which he carefully deposited the silver pieces, and having tied it up and replaced it, he left, saying:

"Ye have given me trouble this time, Phil McCarty; remember, the next time I will not wait an hour."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

BOOKS AND MEN.—An old writer says: "Read not books alone, but men, among them chiefly thyself. If thou find anything questionable there, use the commentary of a severe friend rather than the gloss of a sweet lip flatterer; there is more profit in a distasteful truth than deceitful sweetness."



"In Eastern lands, they talk in flowers,
And tell to a garland the r loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers
On its leaves a mystic language bears."

The Language of Flowers is the language of love. Every tender sentiment, every shade of feeling subordinate to the master passion, can be expressed by floral emblems.

From the earliest ages, poets who have sung of love—and what poet has not been inspired by that all potent emotion?—have drawn their finest metaphors from those beautiful productions of Nature.

From birth to decay, from the germ to the blossom, flowers symbolize some condition, reflect some passion, or awaken some sympathy inherent to our nature.

To the young they are a delight; to the old a solace. They are the cherished playthings of childhood, and the sweet consolation of declining years.

But it is to lovers; to the enamored youth and the blushing maiden, that these brightest of Heaven's gifts are indeed—

"Richer than gold, or aught that ever man
Has taken from the bosom of the mine."

What is a more becoming adornment to beauty than a wreath? What gift can awaken such a thrill of delight in the fair receiver as a sweet bouquet, culled by the hand of love?

From time immemorial, such have been the chosen uses of flowers.

The beauty-loving Greeks prized them with intense appreciation. They gave to each a poetic significance, and sent love-messages in the eloquent floral tongue.

In more northern climes flowers were as fully valued. Gallant knights wore them in their helmets, or emblazoned them on their shields, and potent kings adopted them as their chosen badges and royal adornments.

It is into this pleasing art—the understanding and application of the Language of Flowers, and the sentiments it can convey, that we now propose to initiate our readers.

For this purpose we shall not give a mere dry dictionary of the poetical meanings attached to each flower, but make remarks upon its original significance, relate stories of legends connected with it, and also, by a number of examples, show how mottoes expressing every phase of love can be formed.

The first bouquet we have given is composed of four flowers, which, when thus united, convey the poetical sentiment expressed by the words underneath—"Your delicacy and modesty hold me in the bonds of love."

Here the Cornflower expresses delicacy, the Violet modesty, the Convolvulus bonds, and the Rose, in most of its varieties, expresses love.

You will observe that the connecting words of the sentence are left to be inferred.

There is no grammar in the Language of Flowers, which fact alone would render it an easy and pleasing language to learn.

The ingenuity is agreeably exercised in combining the flowers, and still more delightful is the receiver's task of unraveling the meaning.

This pretty study has been much cultivated by the Eastern nations—the Turks, Persians, and Arabians.

Their flower language differs from ours, the meaning of each flower being according to what sentiment will rhyme with its name.

As most of the names we use are derived from other languages, and do not rhyme with any appropriate words in our own, this system would be less suitable, as well as less significant than that adopted by English poets.

We may add that *each flower* can be presented *separately*, according to the sentiment desired to be conveyed. It would, of course, be extremely difficult to procure at all times such a combination as we present in our *bouquets* each week.

The Cornflower, which stands first in our present group, is one of a species which severally express delicacy, gentility, and agreement.

The Convolvulus is a more melancholy flower, dedicated to repose, night, extinguished hopes and bondage.

The Violet is a great favorite with the poets. Wordsworth says:

"Lone as there are violets,
They will have a place in story."

The Athenians adopted this beautiful flower as the emblem of the city. It becomes significant of permanence and stability, through retaining its perfume after death. It is like a good man, the memory of whose deeds lives after him.

Of the Rose, in its varieties, we shall have much to say in the present series, for the Rose has ever been acknowledged the queen of flowers and the chosen emblem of love. The ancient Greeks so regarded it, and by them it was dedicated to the Goddess Aurora.

The Romans were passionately fond of roses. Cleopatra, when she received Antony, is said to have had the floor of her palace strewn with roses to the depth of eighteen inches; and one emperor, at a grand *fete*, spent in floral decorations, composed of that flower, a sum equal to $100,000.

Those modern ladies of the ultra-fashionable world, who sometimes expend $500 upon the flowers necessary to deck a ball-room for one evening only, will find that they have been far surpassed in extravagance by the ancients.

In the East the Rose has always been held in especial honor. The Persian poets are full of its praise, and the "Feast of Roses," described in Moore's exquisite poem, "Lalla Rookh," was an important occasion in the "beauteous vale of Cashmere."

Amid the numerous effusions of which this flower is the subject, the simple lyric of—

"The last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone,"

will probably continue to charm with its delicious pathos as long as the English language endures.

We might fill a considerable space by quotations from the poets respecting the rose; but we will content ourselves with one, a portion of a sonnet, written by a contemporary poetess of high merit:

"Oh, Rose, thou flower of flowers, thou fragrant wonder!
Who shall describe thee in thy sunny prime,
Thy perfect fulness in the summer time,
When the pale leaves blushingly part asunder,
And show the warm, red heart lies glowing under?
Thou shouldst bloom, surely, in some sunny clime,
Untouched by blights and chilly Winter's rime."

Also the following verses by Dr. Watts:

How fair is the Rose! What a beautiful flower,
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast
Above all the flowers of the field;
When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colors lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

Then I'll not be proud of my youth nor my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty:
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

A brief description of this magnificent hall, the finest in London, and which was the scene of the recent installation of the Prince of Wales as Grand Master of the English Masons, will, we are sure, be of interest.

Its external appearance is that of an immense circular building in the modern Italian style. It is of red brick, ornamented with yellow dressings, and displays a great number of long, narrow, clerestory windows, with a wide band of decorations; above them a high gallery running round the entire exterior, and an elegant glass dome crowning the whole. The decoration above the windows is formed of designs of allegorical representations of the people of the globe, and of the achievements of science and art. There are also inscriptions of passages from Holy Writ, and statements of the commencement and completion of the building. The mosaic is simple in color and outline, but very effective.

The interior of the hall is of fine extent and proportions, consisting of an arena to hold 1000 persons, an amphitheatre for 1400, two tiers of boxes (forty-three in one, eighty-six in the other), accommodating 1100, a balcony for 2500, and a gallery for 2000, so that, exclusive of singers and musicians, who occupy the 2000 seats in the orchestra beneath the great organ, the Royal Albert Hall will seat 8000 persons. It has at least two dozen doors of ingress and egress, and, while the chairs are admirably roomy and comfortable, the boxes are elegantly fitted.

The largest box in the grand tier belongs to her Majesty. All the boxes were sold before the opening of the hall, those on the grand tier, for ten persons, at $5000; those on the second tier, for five persons, $3500. The shape of the interior is a fine oval, the colors buff and French gray, which harmonize admirably with the crimson curtains. Thirty bays, with piers and caps and scagliola columns, terminate the upper portion of the building, which is lighted by the glass dome, the glare from which is softened by a graceful hanging tent that gives a delightful sense of coolness to the whole great space. The organ, built by Mr. Willis, is said to be the finest in the world.

There are numerous corridors, retiring-rooms, refreshment-rooms and promenade-rooms, as well as a lecture-room and a concert-room, which occupy wings of the main building. The steam engines which blow the bellows of the organ also supply the hot-water pipes or move the ventilating-fans which regulate the temperature of the hall. The whole place is lighted by 4210 gas jets, which can all be lighted by electricity in ten seconds. The Royal Albert Hall was opened in great state by her Majesty on the 29th of March, 1871, to be devoted to the promotion of the interests of science and art, to concerts, and to various meetings and exhibitions of different societies in connection with the progress of education in these subjects.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.

Three watch-lights on the stormy highlands,
Of earth's wave-beaten strand:
Three harbors among the rocky islands,
Begirt with treacherous sands.
Three life-preservers on time's ocean,
With dangerous reefs below;
Three voices 'mid the heart's commotion,
To hush its strains of woe.

Three blossoms from the land of flowers,
To cheer the fainting soul;
Three rays of beauty from the bower,
Beyond life's utmost goal.
Three strains of rapturous music swelling,
Around the burial sod;
Three pillars in the holy dwelling,
The temple of our God.

SIMON GIRTY,
THE RENEGADE.

An Historical Tale of the Border.

By CHARLES McKNIGHT, Esq.,
Author of "Old Fort Du Quesne."

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

COL. CRAWFORD'S AWFUL TORTURES.

We now approach the sad end of this mournful, cruel tragedy. The other prisoners were dispatched promptly and without ceremony, but for the "Big Captain", a more dreadful appalling fate was reserved. All the devilish and excruciating tortures which ever entered into savage head to conceive were to be visited on the distinguished leader of the ill-starred expedition.

Almost within sight of Pipe's Town, and amid a yelling, infuriated crowd of over a hundred braves, squaws and boys, a huge fire was kindled. It was late on the afternoon of Tuesday, June 11th, 1782. There were the two Delaware war chiefs, Pipe and Wingenund; Simon Girty, and Captain Elliott, in the uniform of a British officer, stood near. Dr. Knight was also a horrified and unwilling spectator of the awful scene.

He and Crawford, stripped entirely naked and painted black, were first ordered to sit down, when all at once the savages fell upon them and belabored them most unmercifully.

Meanwhile a long stake had been firmly planted, to which the poor colonel was fastened by a rope just long enough to allow him to either sit down or take two or three turns around.

The wretched victim seeing all these frightful preparations, and the scowling distorted visages of the yelling and leaping demons about him, called to Girty, and asked if the savages intended burning him.

Girty answered "yes," to which Crawford said he would strive to bear it all with fortitude.

Pipe, who of all present, seemed the most savage and implacable, made one of his awful stirring harangues, exciting his motley audience to a perfect fury.

Heckewelder relates that when Wingenund afterwards came to Detroit, he was severely censured for not saving the life of his old acquaintance, Col. Crawford. He listened calmly, and then said to Heckewelder:

"These men talk like fools," and then turning to his accusers, he said, in English: "If King George himself had been on the spot with all his ships laden with treasures, he could not have ransomed my friend, nor saved his life from the rage of a justly exasperated multitude."

He never after would allude to the torture, but was full of grief, and felt greatly hurt at those who censured him; for he contended that the Gnadenhutten massacre was a wanton and most atrocious insult to his nation, and that the blood of those innocent Christians, so inhumanly butchered, called aloud for vengeance.

Another circumstance Heckewelder asserts was much against the prisoner. It was reported that the Indian spies, on examining the camp at Mingo Bottom, after the expedition left, found on the peeled trees these words, written with coal:

"No quarters to be given to an Indian, whether man, woman, or child!"

If such rumors were circulated among the savages, they must have been done for effect, or were after-thoughts designed to excuse these atrocious tortures. There is not a tittle of evidence going to prove any such ferocious bravado, although doubtless a large proportion of the volunteers were the same Indian haters who were out on the Williamson raid.

Heckewelder also gives a highly interesting account of a conversation alleged to have occurred just before the commencement of the tortures, between Wingenund and Crawford, in which the former solemnly asserted that by Crawford's making himself an accomplice of the execrable miscreant Williamson, it was out of his power or that of any of his friends to save him.

Upon Crawford's most solemn assurance that both he and all good men not only condemned that atrocious slaughter, but that he was put at the head of this expedition expressly to prevent any excesses of that kind, and that it was not undertaken, as the Indians asserted, against the remnant of the Christian Indians, but for a purely military purpose.

The chief said the Indians could not be made to believe such a story, but that if Williamson had been taken, he (Wingenund) and his friends might have effected something; but since that savage murderer had run off, no man would dare to interfere; that the blood of the slaughtered, the relatives of those massacred, and that the whole nation cried aloud for revenge.

Heckewelder thus concludes: "I have been assured by respectable Indians that at the close of this conversation, which was related to me by Wingenund, as well as by others, both he and Crawford burst into a flood of tears; they then took an affectionate leave of each other, and the chief immediately *hid himself in the bushes*, as the Indians express it, or retired to a solitary spot. He never afterwards spoke of the fate of his unfortunate friend without strong emotions of grief, which I have several times witnessed."

Whether this conversation actually occurred; whether it was the coinage of Heckewelder or of Wingenund—and each presumption has its adherents—must, at this late day, be left entirely to conjecture and the probabilities of the case. Certain it is, the cruel tortures went on.

The men now took up their guns and shot powder into Crawford's naked body from his feet up to his neck, to the number of full seventy loads. They then crowded in on him, and must have cut off his ears, since Dr. Knight saw the blood running in streams from both sides of his head.

The circle of fire ran from small hickory poles, and was placed several yards from the stake. So that the poor sufferer had not, like the blessed martyrs of old, the consolation of a speedy, if a horrible death, but by a hellish refinement of cruelty his tortures were designedly prolonged. It would not serve the purposes of these incarnate fiends to have the victim become too soon insensate; they must gall and sting, beat and harass, rack and worry him by slow instalments.

Happy was the savage who could wreak upon the wretched sufferer one pang or agony more exquisite or excruciating than the last! who could wring from his poor humanity a more profound groan, or who could give his shrinking nerves or quivering flesh one added torment.

As Crawford began his weary rounds about the post, the yelling fiends would take up the blazing fagots and apply them to his shrinking, powder-scratched body. The squaws, more pitiless, if possible, than the men, gathered up the glowing embers on broad peelings of bark and cast them over his trembling body.

Oh, it was horrible—most horrible. No escape from these merciless devils; their leering, hideous faces presented on all sides, and very soon the writhing martyr walked solely on a bed of scorching coals.

In the very midst of these awful orgies, Crawford called upon Girty again and again to shoot him and end his misery. Girty, it is said, replied he had no gun. He would not have dared to shoot even had he been so disposed. He soon after came up to Knight, and bade him prepare for the same death. He then observed that the prisoners had told him that if he were captured by the Americans they would not hurt him. He did not believe it, but was anxious to know the doctor's opinion of the subject. He at the same time railed against Colonel John Gibson, of Fort Pitt, as one of his most hated enemies, and much more to the same purpose.

The unhappy doctor was so distressed at the poignant and excruciating torments inflicted right before his very eyes upon his friend, and by the near prospect of a similar awful fate, that, he says in his "Narrative," he scarcely heard, much less answered.

Crawford was now nearly exhausted by his long continued sufferings. His flesh was becoming callous, his nerves dulled by excess of pain. He bore all with heroic fortitude, uttering no cries, but calling in low, sad tones on a merciful God to have pity on him and give him surcease of suffering.

For nearly two hours longer he suffered every variety of inhuman torture. Devils in hell could devise no more or no worse. At last, being almost spent, and his dull, deadened nerves no longer responding to any kind of torment, he lay down on his fiery bed.

The end was near at last. The immortal spirit was about taking flight. The savages must hasten if they would inflict the last horrible anguish. One rushed in, and with his keen blade drew around the horrid circle, and pulled off the bleeding scalp of gray hairs. In vain! He had escaped them!

No, not even yet! A hideous old hag—with tigerish heart—had just then an infernal inspiration. She hastily screeched herself up to the insensate victim and threw a bark of burning embers on the raw, throbbing, palpitating brain.

A pitiful groan announced the success of the monstrous device. The fleeting soul was thus cruelly summoned back. The blind and staggering victim once more raised himself on his feet—once more began his weary round.

Burning sticks were again applied, but in vain, for the flesh had now utterly lost all feeling.

Dr. Knight was not to have the consolation of witnessing his chief's final triumph through death over his merciless foes, but was led away from the dreadful scene. As he was driven along the next morning he passed the cursed spot. He saw the charred remains of his beloved commander lying among the embers, almost burned to ashes.

It was long a tradition among the Indians that Crawford breathed his last just at sunset, and that after his death, his body was heaped upon the fagots and so consumed, amid the delighted whoops and leapings of his tormentors. It was a veritable "dance of death."

The touching, harrowing details of this awful death, as published by Dr. Knight, was a terrible shock to the whole country. On the border there was universal gloom, and a low, sullen muttering of revengeful wrath. Crawford was such a prominent, popular leader, that the "deep damnation of his taking off" was almost a national calamity. No one felt it more keenly than Washington himself, who wrote as follows: "It is with the greatest sorrow and concern that I have learned the melancholy tidings of Colonel Crawford's death. He was known to me as an officer of much care and prudence, brave, active and experienced. The manner of his death was shocking; and I have this day communicated to Congress such papers as I have regarding it."

But the dolor and anguish of the sad and desolate widow, Hannah Crawford, as she sat watching and waiting in her lonely cabin on the Youghiogheny, who can describe! She had parted from her husband with a heavy, heavy heart. As one after another of the expedition straggled back, how tearfully did she question, how anxiously did she yearn for some tidings. Missed at the commencement of the retreat, with her only and idolized son, her nephew and her son-in-law, was all she could learn. Gone, all gone at one fell swoop! After three weeks of dread and intolerable suspense she heard of her husband's death. Still later drifted to her the sickening details. It were better for her future peace had his loss forever remained an unfathomable mystery.

"I well recollect," says Uriah Springer, "when I was a little boy, my grandmother Crawford took me behind her on horseback, rode across the Youghiogheny, and turned into the woods, when we both alighted by an old moss covered white-oak log. 'Here,' she said, as she sat down upon the log, and cried as though her heart would break—'here I parted with your grandfather!'"

That tradition, current in western Pennsylvania, that Simon Girty aspired to the hand of one of Crawford's daughters, but was denied, is one of the many unauthentic and untraceable rumors afloat concerning the mysterious Girty. Sally Crawford, who married the lamented Major Harrison, an officer of capacity and prominence, also lost in

this expedition, was a far-famed belle, and considered the most beautiful young lady in all that district.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

DR. KNIGHT'S ESCAPE—SLOVER'S CAPTURE AND ADVENTURE.

The miraculous escapes of Dr. Knight and John Slover from the Indians are replete with adventure and interest. We wish we had room for a fuller sketch.

The former, after Crawford's torture and death, spent the night at Pipe's house and started early next morning for the Shawnee towns on Mad river, some forty miles distant.

His only guard was on horseback, who, after having once more painted his prisoner black, drove the doctor before him. He was a large, rough-looking, but very friendly savage, and Knight soon began to ingratiate himself.

That night the gallant doctor attempted many times to untie himself, but the Indian was wary and scarce closed his eyes. At daybreak he untied his captive and arose to mend the fire and the wood-gnats being very annoying, Knight asked him if he would make a big smoke behind him. The savage said "yes."

The little doctor soon picked up a short dog-wood fork, the only stick he could find near, and slipping up behind his guide he smote him on the head with all his force.

The amazed redskin was so stunned that he fell head foremost into the fire, but soon sprang up and ran off, howling in a most frightful manner.

Knight seized the fellow's gun and ran after him some distance to shoot, but he had pulled back the lock so violently as to break it, and soon gave up the chase. He then took the Indian's effects and struck straight through the pathless woods for home.

He changed his route several times to avoid all Indian trails and parties. His gun could not be mended and he had finally to throw it away. He was nearly starved, but had neither food nor gun to shoot any. He came across plenty of wild unripe gooseberries, but having his jaw nearly broken by a tomahawk blow, could not chew. He managed, however, to sustain life on the juice of a weed which he knew to be nourishing.

Not being able to kindle a fire the gnats and mosquitoes nearly devoured him.

He soon, too, got bewildered in a vast swampy district, but still kept straggling East. Game was very plenty, including elk, deer and bear, but none for him. Save young nettles, the juice of herbs, a few wild berries, and two young blackbirds and a terrapin which he devoured raw, he had no food. When all this strange food disagreed with his stomach he would chew wild ginger.

On the twentieth evening of his long and solitary wanderings, he struck Fort McIntosh, at the mouth of Big Beaver, and on the next day reached Fort Pitt, greatly to the astonishment of all and to the huge delight of General Irvine, with whom he was a great favorite. He remained at Fort Pitt till the close of the war and afterwards moved to Kentucky.

The adventures of Slover, the guide, were much more varied and exciting. He had lived among the Miami and Shawnees from his early boyhood, and could talk their languages.

When the retreat commenced he, James Paull, Young and five others, became mired in the cranberry swamp. After floundering about for a long time they finally emerged, only to plunge into another morass, where they had to wait daylight.

They now struck an East trail and had nearly reached the Muskingum, when they were ambushed by a Shawnee party, who had tracked them all the way from the Plains.

Two were killed by the first fire. James Paull, notwithstanding a very bad burnt foot, bounded off and made good his escape. Slover and the other two were made prisoners.

Singular to relate, one of the Shawnees, who had aided in Slover's capture when a boy, now recognized him, calling him by his Indian name of Mannocethe, reproached him severely for leading a party against them. The other prisoners were now mounted on horses and started off for Mad River, which they reached in three days.

Up to this point they had been treated kindly, but now all they met glowered upon them in the most savage manner. The people of the fine Shawnee valley assaulted them with clubs and tomahawks. One of the captives was here painted black, but the savages forbade Slover from telling him what it meant.

A runner having been sent to Wapatomica—the same town from which Girty and the Malott family had so lately departed—the whole population swarmed out to give them a hot reception with guns, clubs and hatchets. All three were ordered to run the gauntlet. If they could reach the Council House, three hundred yards distant, they would be safe.

The poor fellow who was painted black was made the chief target. Men, women and children beat and fired loads of powder at him as he ran naked, amid shoutings and beating of drums. He managed, however, to reach the Council House door, though in a pitiable plight. He was slashed with tomahawks, his body singed all over, and holes burnt into his flesh with the wadding.

He now thought himself safe. Fatal mistake! He was dragged back to another terrible beating and to a most cruel death. Slover saw his body lying by the Council House, horribly mutilated and disfigured. He also saw and recognised three other dead bodies, all black, bloody and powder burnt. They were all that remained of Major Harrison, Crawford's son-in-law, Wm. Crawford, his nephew, and Major John McClelland, who had been fourth officer in command. The next day the limbs and heads were stuck on poles, and the corpses given to the dog.

Slover's surviving companion was sent off to another town to be executed, while he himself was, that evening, brought into the log Council House and carefully interrogated as to the state of the country, the progress of the war, and the movements on the border. He spoke three Indian tongues, and had the satisfaction of informing them of Cornwallis' capture.

The next day Captain Matthew Elliott and James Girty, Simon's brother, were present. The former assured the Indians that Slover had lied about Cornwallis. James Girty, a bad, drunken, violent bully, now had the audacity to publicly assert that, when he had asked Slover how he would like to live again among the Shawnees, he had answered that he would soon take a scalp and run off.

It began to look black for poor Slover. This grand council lasted fifteen days. The third day Alexander McKee commenced to attend. He was grandly arrayed in a gold laced uniform, but did not speak to the captive.

Slover was not tried, and could have escaped, but had no mocassins. Each night he was invited to the war dance, which lasted almost till morning, but would take no part in the revels.

Dr. Knight's guard now arrived with a wound four inches long on his head, and a truly marvelous story of a long and desperate struggle he had with the doctor, whom he represented as a large, powerful man, but whose fingers he had cut off, and to whom he had given two terrible knife thrusts, which he was sure would prove fatal. Slover told the Indians that the doctor was a small, weak man, at which they were greatly amused.

The next day arrived the long-expected message and belt of wampum from De Peyster of Detroit, the conclusion well expressing the general tenor:

"Take no more prisoners, my children, of any sort—man, woman or child."

At a grand council held shortly after, at which eight tribes were fully represented, it was decided that no more prisoners should be taken, and that in case any tribe so did, the other tribes should seize said captives and put them to death; also, that war expeditions should be made against Fort Henry, the Ohio Falls (Louisville), and the Kentucky settlements.

At another council his death by fire was resolved upon, and at the same time twelve prisoners, just arrived from Kentucky, were put to death.

Next day George Girty, an adopted Delaware and another brother of Simon, surrounded Slover's cabin with about forty followers, bound him, put a rope about his neck, stripped him naked, *painted him black*, and took him about five miles off. Here he was beaten and shamefully abused, dragged to Mack-a-chack and bound to the stake, which was in a part of the Council House not yet roofed.

Three piles of wood about this torture-stake were fired, and the torments were about commencing, when a sudden storm arose, the rain descended in a flood and drowned out the fire. The superstitious savages stood silent and aghast.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

SLOVER'S MAD RIDE—WETZELL'S RUNNING FIGHT.

A brief respite at least was secured! The captive was untied and seated on the ground, while wild leapings and frantic dances, punctuated with blows, kicks, and tomahawk cuts, were continued until eleven at night.

A chief by the name of Half Moon then asked Slover if he were sleepy. Yes, he was. The savages wishing a whole day's frolic with him on the morrow, he was graciously allowed to retire to a block-house under charge of three ferocious, forbidding-looking warriors.

Poor Slover was bound with extraordinary precautions. His arms were tied so tight, at wrists and elbows, that the thongs were buried in the flesh. The strip about his neck, just long enough for him to lie down, was fastened to a beam of the house. The three warriors now began to taunt and harass him. Now, if ever, an escape was to be attempted. Death, no matter how quick or by what means, was far better than a whole day's tortures.

The sick and sore, but still undaunted captive feigned sleep. Would his cruel persecutors never close their eyes! Two now stretched themselves for rest, but the third lit his pipe and recommenced his mocking taunts. Slover obstinately kept his mouth closed.

At last—most joyful spectacle!—the third laid down and soon began to snore. No music sweeter to poor Slover, whose head was beating like a muffled drum.

Not an instant to lose, and well he knew it! The heavy beads of sweat which gathered on his clammy brow were witnesses not only of the intensity of his feelings, but of the violent and extraordinary exertions to free his arms. They were so benumbed as to be without feeling. He laid himself over on his right side, and with his fingers, which were still manageable, and after a violent and prolonged effort, he succeeded in slipping the cord from his left arm over elbow and wrist.

One of the guards now got up to stir the fire. Slover lay dead as a stone, sure it was all over with him; but the sleepy savage soon lay down again, and work was renewed. The arms free, the next attempt was made on the thong about his neck. It was thick as his thumb, and tough as iron, being made of buffalo hide.

The wretched man tugged and tugged. It remained firm. He contrived to get it between his teeth, and gnawed it in a perfect frenzy of despair. It budged not a finger's breadth. It was a hard and cruel fate, but he had to give it up. The first gray lights of dawn were beginning to penetrate the gloomy apartment. He sank back in an agony of hopeless despair.

No. He would make yet one more effort. He inserted his hands between the thong and his neck, and pulled and pushed with almost superhuman strength. Oh, joy supreme, it yields! it yields! and he is free at last. It was a noose, with several knots tied over it.

The sudden reaction almost makes him faint. One quick look at the sleepers about him, one cautious lift over their bodies, a few cat-like steps, and he stands under the still shining stars, free as the fresh air which fanned and caressed his throbbing brow.

He now glided hurriedly through the town and reached a cornfield. He nearly stumbled over a squaw and her children, lying asleep under a tree. Making a circle about them, he reached the edge of the woods. Here he stopped to untie his arm, which was swollen and discolored from the tight ligature.

He felt better at once, and having observed a number of horses feeding in a glade as he passed, he ventured to catch one. He was as naked as the day he was born. Picking up an old quilt for a saddle, and using his own rope bonds for a bridle, he managed to mount the horse he had caught, and was off and away.

That was truly a ride for life. Slover's jaws were set, his teeth were clenched, his eyes were fixed steadily to the east, and digging his naked heels into the flanks of his horse—which, happy for him, proved very fleet and staunch—he scurried along through open wood and past grassy level.

Over bank, bush and scaur;
"They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

The sun was but little over quarter high ere he reached the Scioto, fully fifty miles off. Smoking hot, and bathed in sweat, the gallant steed breasted that forest stream, and clattered up the thither bank.

On! on they go! No pause! no rest! His exasperated pursuers, mounted on their fleetest horses, were pressing hard in the rear. It was a killing pace, but a saving race.

By noon his gallant steed began to flag; now it breathes hard and fast; now its eyes look staring and glassy; and now at three o'clock it sinks to rise no more. No time to waste, even on a gallant horse like that—faithful to the death. The naked rider at once springs to his feet and runs as fast as hope and fear can drive him. Neither did he cease his efforts with the dark, but pressed on, ever on, until at ten o'clock, when, becoming extremely sick and faint, he sank down for a little rest.

By midnight he was up and away again, threading his weary way by moonlight. At the first streak of coming day he forsook a trail he had found and followed all night, and plunged boldly into the trackless wilderness. As he walked he endeavored, with his old Indian habits, to conceal his trail, pushing back the weeds or bushes his travel may have disturbed. He left no more trace than a bird.

All that day he forged steadily and uninterruptingly ahead, and the second night had the happiness of resting by the waters of the Muskingum. A marvelous journey, and accomplished with wonderful pluck and endurance.

Think, reader, what a fearful undertaking it must have been to run naked through a wild, pathless, tangled forest, with vine, bush, briar and thorn tree, stretching after to detain him. Nothing but his ragged saddle cloth to protect him. The nettles stung his feet, the briar and thorn pierced his bleeding limbs; the vines and low trees scraped his back, and the gnats and mosquitoes so tormented him that he found no peace by day or rest by night. So intolerable was the nuisance that he was obliged to carry a bundle of leafy branches to keep them off.

The first food he took was a few berries on the third day; but he felt more weak than hungry. He now reached and swam the Muskingum, and for the first time began to breathe securely. The next day he followed the Stillwater valley, and the night after lay but a few miles from Fort Henry.

In his published statement, Slover asserts he did not sleep one wink the whole time, so annoying and blood-thirsty were the swarms of gnats and mosquitoes.

He had now earned a rest. He reached the Ohio by Indian Wheeling Creek, opposite the island, and descrying a man on it, he hailed him, but so strange and savage was his appearance that he had great difficulty in making him come to his relief. The surprise his appearance caused at Ft. Henry, and the hospitable welcome he received there, can more readily be imagined than described.

It was just at the close of the Crawford Expedition that Lodis Wetzell is said to have performed his famed exploit of killing three Indians on the run.

One of Crawford's volunteers, by the name of Thomas Mills, straggled into Wheeling and persuaded Wetzell to return with him to Indian Spring, about nine miles from Wheeling, to get a horse he had left there.

Approaching the place, they discovered the animal tied to a tree, when Wetzell scented danger. Mills, however, walked up to secure his beast, when a discharge of rifles followed from an Indian ambush.

Wetzell promptly broke through the Indians and bounded off at the height of his speed. Four of the fleetest Indians followed in swift pursuit, whooping in exultation at the expected capture.

After a chase of half a mile, the foremost savage approached close enough to cast his tomahawk, when all at once Wetzell turned, drew a quick bead on him and shot him dead in his tracks.

The young scout had early taken pains to learn how to load his rifle when running at full speed—no mean accomplishment in the days of flint-lock, barrel-loading rifles.

Making another run of a half mile, a second Indian rapidly bounded up, and as Wetzell turned again to fire, the wily savage caught the barrel of his gun, and a long and desperate struggle ensued.

At one time, the powerful redskin—strong as a bear and active as a panther—brought Wetzell to his knee, and had nearly succeeded in wrenching the rifle out of his adversary's hands, when Wetzell, by an extraordinary effort, jerked the weapon out of the savage's hands, and thrusting the muzzle close up against his neck, pulled the trigger, killing him instantly.

The two remaining Indians had by this time come up; but, springing forward again, Lewis managed to keep ahead until his unerring rifle was again loaded. He now slackened his pace, and even stopped once or twice, as if very much fatigued.

Every time, however, that he looked around, the crafty Indians treed.

After thus running a mile or so further, he reached an open piece of ground, and, wheeling suddenly on his heels, the foremost fellow leaped behind a tree, but one too small to cover his person. Wetzell fired at once, dangerously wounding his foe.

The remaining savage now commenced beating a rapid retreat, yelling as he ran, "No catch dat man; his gun always loaded."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MAN may as well expect to grow stronger by always eating as wiser by always reading. Too much overcharges nature, and turns more into disease than nourishment. It is thought which makes books serviceable and digestion which gives health and vigor to the mind. Books well chosen neither dull the appetite nor strain the memory, but refresh the inclinations, strengthen the powers, and improve under experiments. By reading, a man, as it were, antedates his life, and makes himself contemporary with past ages.

HAVE nothing to do with men in a passion, for men are not, like iron, to be wrought upon when hot. If you have not sense enough to speak, have wit enough to hold your tongue. Tell not your secrets to your servant, for he will then be your master. Affliction teacheth a wicked person sometimes to pray; prosperity, never.

THE VIOLETS.

BY SUSANNA J.

The fields were gay with gold and white,
The fragrant cowslip sprung;
Amongst the hawthorns, silver bright,
All day the blackbird sang.
And deep in many a mossy ledge,
With azure eyes inlaid,
The violets 'neath the leafy hedge
Grew in the shade.

It was a lesson worth learning, I thought,
For, indeed, if we looked around,
Some beautiful truths we might be taught
By the wild flowers on the ground.
It raised a wish in my heart that I too
Might blossom in Life's low glade
With fragrance, e'en as the violets do
Grow in the shade.

Some of the noblest and best of ours—
Some of our bravest men
Have in solitude grown like these fair flowers,
And their worth was known but when,
In the poet's song or the soldier's tent,
Their talent was all display'd;
But through their youth they were content
To grow in the shade.

What matters it, then, if thy lot be low,
Or thy highest gifts unknown?
The diamond, prized for its brilliant glow,
Is at first but a dark rough stone.
Turn then away from the hurrying world,
To blossom in Life's low glade—
With the sweet green leaves around thee furled
Grow in the shade.

INDIAN JUGGLING.

BY F. SWANWICK.

The fort of Calcutta, commonly known as Fort William, is one of the most splendid and convenient military establishments to be found in any quarter of the globe. It is very spacious, and somewhat resembles the Tower of London, in that it consists of various streets and squares, adapted for different military purposes. On all sides it is guarded by a high and strongly-built rampart, which is surrounded in its turn by a broad and deep fosse, over which are placed drawbridges, leading to the principal gateways.

The fort is often the scene of animated festivity, from the presence of native jugglers, renowned for their surprising skill and dexterity. The performances of these strange people have been so often described, that I shall only make mention of a few, for otherwise I might tire the reader. One of them struck me as being curious from its having a strong resemblance to the feats recorded in sacred history, as having been performed by the magicians of Egypt, in the time of Moses, and in the presence of Pharaoh. Indeed, as it is well known that the Hindu tricks have been handed down from the most distant ages, from father to son, there is little wonder that such a similarity can exist. The particular trick alluded to, is the apparent conversion of a brass coin into a snake. The juggler gave me the coin to hold, and then seated himself, about five yards from me, on a small rug, from which he never attempted to move during the whole performance. I showed the coin to several persons who were close beside me, on a form in front of the juggler. At a sign from him, I not only grasped the coin I held firmly in my right hand, but, crossing that hand with equal tightness with my left, I enclosed them both as firmly as I could between my knees. Of course I was positively certain that the small coin was within my double fists. The juggler then began a sort of incantation, accompanied by a monotonous and discordant kind of recitative, and repeating the words, Ram, Sammu, during some minutes. He then suddenly stopped, and, still keeping his seat, made a quick motion with his right hand, as if throwing something at me, giving at the same time a puff with his mouth. At that instant I felt my hands suddenly distend, and become partly open, while I experienced a sensation as if a cold ball of dough, or something equally soft, nasty, and disagreeable was now between my palms. I started to my feet in astonishment, also to the astonishment of *others*, and opening my hands, found there no coin, but to my horror and alarm (for of all created things I detest and loathe the genus) I saw a young snake, all alive-oh! and of all snakes in the world, a cobra-di-capello, folded, or rather coiled, roundly up. I threw it instantly to the ground, trembling with rage and fear, as if already bit by the deadly reptile, which began immediately to crawl along the ground, to the alarm and amazement of every one present. The juggler now got up for the first time since he had sat down, and catching hold of the snake displayed its length, which was nearly two feet;—two feet all but an inch and a half. He then took it cautiously by the tail, and opening his own mouth to its widest extent, let the head of the snake drop into it, and deliberately commenced to swallow the animal, till the end of the tail only was visible; then making a sudden gulp, the whole of the snake was apparently swallowed. After this, he came up to the spectators, and opening his mouth wide, permitted us to look into his throat, but no snake or snake's tail was visible: it was seemingly down his throat altogether. During the remainder of the performances, we never saw this snake again, nor did the man profess his ability to make it re-appear; but he performed another snake trick, which surprised us very much. He took from a bag another cobra di-capello, and, walking into the centre of the room, enclosed it in his hands in a folded state. He waved, or shook them for some time in this condition, and then opened his fists, when, hey! presto!—the snake was gone, and in its place appeared several small ones, which he suffered to fall from his hands, when they glided, with their peculiar undulating movement, almost like the waves of the sea, about the floor.

I will notice one or two more of the surprising performances of these wonderful jugglers of India, and the reader will perhaps have had enough, and will be glad to turn to some lighter or more genial piece; for "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

While staying in Madras, before coming home, a party of jugglers came forward on one occasion to act publicly in the yard of the barracks there. Many hundreds of people, of all kinds, different ages, both sexes, and various denominations, including the soldiery in garrison, assembled to witness the exhibition, and some little temporary arrangements were made, to enable each and every one to see and hear conveniently. The leader of the jugglers, who were all, of course, natives of Hindustan, requested the commanding officer to place a guard of men around the scene of display—a precaution which was adopted, and which proved a very wise one. The floor of the court, be it observed, was composed of sand—fine, well-trodden. On this ground, then, after some preliminary tricks of an inferior kind, one man was left alone with a little girl, the latter seeming about eight or nine years of age. Beside them stood a tall, narrow basket, three or four feet high, by little more than a foot in width, and open all the way up. No other object, animate or inanimate, appeared on the ground. After a short period, spent by the man in conversing with the little girl, he seemed to get angry, and began to rail loudly at her, for the neglect of some wish of his. The child attempted to soothe him, but he continued to show an increased degree of irritation as he went, at length lashing himself into such apparent fury, that the foam actually stood upon his lips, and being naturally rather a *monstrum ingens*—that is, possessed of an exceedingly unprepossessing face, he looked, to the white spectators at least, as like a demon escaped from Dante's Inferno, as might be. Finally, his rage seemed to reach that boiling point, just capable of anything, and seizing hold of her, he put her beneath the basket; or, rather he inverted the basket completely over her person. She was thus hemmed in, and entirely at his mercy. Having thus disposed of her, in spite of the child's screams and entreaties, the man drew his sword (Tulwah), which was as bright and polished as the surface of a Venetian mirror of a few centuries back, and he appeared as if about to wreak some (further) evil on the object of his ire; and after some moments, during which he talked to the child and to himself, as if justifying his anger, he did actually at last plunge his sword down into the basket, and *drew it out dripping with blood, or at least blood-red drops.* The child's screams were piteous, and heart-rending in the extreme, but all, all in vain; for the man plunged his dripping weapon again and yet again into the basket in which she was confined. As he did so, the screams of the wretched victim became fainter and fainter by degrees, quivering and quavering like the last few whispers of a dying breeze; till at length they almost entirely ceased, and then, as every one sat horror-stricken and breathless, and scarcely knowing where to look, or which way to turn, then, a faint, low sigh, drawn out like the expiring note of an Æolian harp, was distinctly heard by every one in that hushed assemblage, till it, too, ceased, and all was still—still as an Indian noon-tide; stiller and yet more still—still as death. The child's voice was hushed forever; was hushed in the lullaby of death.

For a moment "silence reigned supreme;" but for a moment though, for as the rage of the hurricane, the blast of the tornado succeeds the sweltering heat of the noon day, so rushed the excitable Irishmen of the 8th Regiment upon the wretched murderer; for believe it a mere trick they could not, they would not—they thought it nothing but a piece of cold-blooded, deliberate and diabolical butchery. Well was it for the juggler that the request for a guard had been granted by the officer commanding, else nothing could have saved him. All the exertions of the guard could hardly prevent the excited soldiery from rushing into the arena and tearing the man limb from limb; they ground their teeth with rage, and cursed every bone in the juggler's body—even the officers (and I among others), whose better education and experience made them necessarily less open to such feelings, grew pale with uneasiness. Mark the result of all this.

When the man seemed to have carried his rage to its utmost extremity, warned by the looks of the soldiery that it would be as well to close the exhibition without delay, he raised his bloody sword for a moment before the eyes of the assembly, and then struck the basket smartly with it, which, falling over on its side, left exposed the place which it had before covered. Conceive the dismay and astonishment—the unbounded astonishment of the spectators, when, in place of the expected corpse of the little girl, which every one present fully expected to see there, for the echo of her expiring sigh seemed still to float tremulously in the air, we saw—guess reader! but you will not guess right if you guessed for a week of Sundays. Well, then, we saw nothing—a blank, an empty space, void of substance, animate or inanimate—bare, bald as a true believer's head. Nothing but the flat sand of the courtyard. No vestige of dress or any other thing to indicate that the girl had even been there. The amazement of the beholders was, if possible, rendered more intense, when, after the lapse of a few seconds, the identical little girl came bounding from the side of the courtyard—it seemed from among the spectators' feet—and clasped the juggler round the knees, with every sign of affection, without the slightest marks of having undergone any injury whatever. *Credat Judæus Apella, non ego,* you say, or ought to say, incredulous reader, but though stranger than fiction, it is none the less true.

Mind, this was not performed in a room, or on a stage replete with contrivances and pitfalled with trap-doors. Then it would have been an easy feat. But this was an open courtyard, as well known (or better) to the spectators as to the performers—the feat performed in the centre of a court, every point of the circumference of which was crowded with spectators, who never for an instant took their eyes off the performers. As to the notion of a subterranean passage, the very nature of the ground put that out of the question; and besides, that nothing of the kind existed was made plain to all who chose to satisfy themselves on that point, by looking at the scene of the performances when they had closed. Every one was sure that the child had been put below the basket, and that she did not get out of it in the natural way. But she did get out, and how? I cannot say, though there can be no doubt that it was accomplished by some skilful manœuvre.

Such are a few, a very few of the surprising feats which these jugglers perform, and many still more wonderful there are, which I may have a chance of communicating at some future period to the reader. They are the result of surprising art, address or contrivance; and for such the natives of India excel the whole world.

WHEN once a concealment or a deceit has been practised in matters where all should be fair and open as day, confidence can never be restored, any more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum that you have pressed in your hand.

BEWARE of such food as persuades a man, though he be not hungry, to eat; and those liquors that will prevail on a man to drink them when he is not thirsty.

THE PONY-RIDER'S MISSION.

There was an excited crowd gathered about the Pony Express station at McPhersons. The western-bound rider had arrived with a bullet in his leg, and reported that the Pawnees were off their reservation and were advancing on the settlement. He had met them between the last station and McPhersons, and they had given chase. McPhersons could boast of but seventy-five souls at the time before the railroad came, and there were but forty men who were capable of defending the place. Whatever was to be done had to be done quickly. Fort Grattan was eighty miles northwest, and a rider was despatched in haste. Fort Kearney was seventy miles southwest, and who would summon aid from there? It was a dangerous undertaking. The route lay right through the hostile country, and the messenger would be almost sure to meet the Indians. The pony-riders, as a general thing, were fearless men, but this proposition was fraught with danger that they were loth to undertake it.

"Ef Slade was only here!" cried an old man, "ther'd be no hesitation while women an' children were in danger!"

"I'll go!" and a bright-eyed, fearless looking young fellow stepped forth.

"Good!" said the old man, pressing his hand; "old *Jim* Johnson sez so! Old Jim *Johnson!* You hear *me!* There's more sense in Essex's cazeba then the hull lot of you. Pick your hoss, boy, an' ride for your life. See! there's Nelly lookin' at you. For her sake, Willy, ef no one's else. Thirty-five helpless women and children; think of it! Ride your best, an' when you git to the station you may git a relief. Post 'em there, an' when you git to the fort tell the commandant to send on some cevelry as soon as possible. Fetch the sojers, an' we'll send the Reds to California! Nelly Johnson's yourn as soon as you git back. Good by, boy, an' God speed ye."

There was a spring, a rush of hoofs, and the ride to Kearney had begun. Right gallantly the little horse sprang away at her rider's bidding, and the eyes of sweet Nelly Johnson kept upon them until horse and rider faded away upon the horizon.

Love was one incentive for the pony rider's mission, and the desire to save the people of McPhersons from a bloody death was the other. Did man ever risk life in a better cause? Onward swept the little horse, her flying heels throwing up a cloud of dust which hovered in the air for hundreds of yards behind her. To the left of them glided the still waters of the Platte, and on the right stretched the boundless green of the prairie. The rider sat firm as a rock, his dauntless face looking straight ahead, and wearing an air which seemed to say it was all for the sake of Nelly Johnson.

You may talk of the Mamelukes, the Tartar horsemen, the savage Bedouins and all the wild riders, but what are they to compare with our American pony-riders—men who were fearless, and braved every danger; who ran the risk of life in every mile they dashed over; men who were expected to do fifty miles at top speed in daylight or dark, rain or shine, hot or cold? But the railroad has done away with the pony-rider, and we hear no more of such exploits as that of the renowned Jimmy Moore.

Onward swept the brave little horse; at last the station came in view. A minute more and horse and rider were at the door. No relay was there to meet them. Not a sign of life was to be seen, but there were hoof-tracks in every direction, showing that the relief had fled. Giving the horse a drink, the rider mounted, and again they were on the way to Kearney. Further on they came upon a large object in the centre of the trail. It was the Western-bound stage with the horses gone, the driver between the fore wheels with a bullet in his head, the passengers lying about the road, and the conductor in the boot wounded unto death. One horrified look, a pause, and faster fled the rider. Mile after mile is left behind, station after station is passed, and no relief. Will they ever get to Kearney?

On the prairie to the right of them appear a host of mounted men. They are the pets of the peace commission on their annual maraud. Turning with a triumphant yell, they speed to head the rider off. Narrower grows the space between them, and the gallant horse redoubles his exertions. In the van of the savages rides a tall chief mounted upon a powerful horse, his plumes streaming in the wind as he urges the noble animal he bestrides. Young Essex can escape if he turns back. But no! The sweet face of Nelly Johnson and the shrinking forms of defenceless little ones come before his view, and dashing the perspiration from his brow the pursued dashed onward. But a four miles more and succor is at hand!

Nearer come the pursuers. Now ride, young Essex, for it is three-score lives to one! Speed, brave little horse; strain muscle and nerve heart, for your work will well be done! Ride, young Essex, for everything is at stake! Onward rushed the horse, his hoofs beating time to the short, quick breaths. The gap closes! Twang! A sharp pain in the side, and the rider reeled in the saddle, but for an instant only. Bending low in the saddle, the whip is raised for the first time, and faster fled the horse.

And now the green ramparts and stockaded gates of Fort Kearney came in view. The baffled savages turn and set out rapidly up the trail, while the fainting rider checks the faltering steps of his dying horse. One last look at the waving sea of green, and they enter the gates thrown open to receive them.

In the centre of the parade stand a group of men about a horse and rider. The horse is blown now, and from his nostrils gushes the life current, and beside her lies the rider.

Young Essex raised his head from the arm which supported it, and said:

"Pawnees off their reservation. McPhersons station's cleaned out—help—quick! My love to—to—Nelly—Johnson——"

And grasping the reins with stiffening clutch, the barbed shaft eating out his soul, he sank upon the pony's neck.

Their brave hearts had ceased to beat.

TRUTH is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and it is upon your lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's inventions upon the rack, and one needs a great many more to make it good.

THE habit of always being employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of every virtue.

PLAYING THE GHOST.

"I tell you what it is, Lucindy, I don't want nothin' to do with them Carters, an' as to givin' my consent to your marryin' one o' em, that is completely out of the question. They allus was a shif'less, good-for-nothin' set. I'm willin' to admit Robert has got more snap in him than all the rest, but I won't listen to your marryin' him, and that settles it."

Mrs. Barker's decision generally settled whatever came up for her to pass judgment on in the affairs of the Barker family.

She expected that her daughter would acquiesce in this matter as she had become accustomed to in others.

But Lucinda was a girl with a will of her own.

She wasn't always to be dictated to without inquiring whether there was justice in the dictate given.

In this instance she felt that she had a right to a hearing, and that she had a right also to form an opinion on the subject under discussion, since she was the person most closely interested.

"I think you are wrong in using Robert as you do," she answered, turning the cheese slowly about on the shelves of the dairy. "You acknowledge that he is respectable, steady and hard-working, but, for all that, won't let him come here if you can help it, and you persist in treating him as if he had done some awful thing, just because he belongs to a family that has some worthless people in it."

"Of course you'll stick up for him," said Mrs. Barker, with an injured air. "You know that I don't approve of him, an' you're bound to be contrary; you won't try to see that I'm lookin' out for your own good, Lucindy; you don't want to."

"But he isn't to blame for what other people have done——" began Lucinda, with flashing eyes.

"Oh, no," put in her mother, "I don't blame him for that, but I know the family, an' it's in the blood o' all the Carters to be mean an' shif'less. I don't s'pose you'd like to have set me down and see you rushin' right over a precipice 'thout so much as liftin' my little finger to save you, would you? Well it's just the same in this case. If I was to let you marry Robert Carter, you'd repent it."

"You don't know that," answered Lucinda. "Everybody but you says he's as likely a young man as there is in the neighborhood, and I'm sure those who work with him and see most of him ought to know. I never heard anyone say that the Carters were bad and dishonest."

"Well, they allus was shif'less, an' that amounts to the same thing," said Mrs. Barker. "Now you could do the best of any girl if you wa'nt so much like your father. He allus was so set in his way. I know Green's son Joel would be awful pleased if he thought he could get you."

"There it is," cried Lucinda, with angry cheeks. "That's why Robert Carter isn't good enough for me. Joel Green's got money, and Robert Carter hasn't. But Robert has got something that Joel Green hasn't, and that all his money can't buy, and that's brains. Before I'd marry that fool——"

"Jest see here, Lucindy," said her mother, turning round deliberately, "if you see Robert Carter 'twixt this an' Sunday, tell him if he comes inside this house ag'in, I'll set the dog on him; an' I will, see if I don't."

Mrs. Barker turned round, feeling that she had got the start of her rebellious daughter in one way.

And Lucinda, with eyes full of anger, went out to cool her flushed face and try to get rid of some very hard thoughts.

A day or two after that, Mrs. Barker was rejoiced to hear that Robert Carter had gone off to work in a neighboring town; he was going to work there all the summer, her informant said.

* * * * *

It was Sunday night. The clock in Mrs. Barker's kitchen had just struck twelve; and you would most naturally have supposed that slumber had come to all inmates of the cottage, at least three hours ago.

But such was not the case.

There was a very soft and subdued flicker of lamplight in the kitchen, and two persons were sitting there, talking very busily.

"I don't see how I am to overcome your mother's prejudice," said Robert Carter, for he was one of the occupants of the room, to Lucinda, who was the other. "I am sure she would think better of me if she knew me better, but she resolved to know as little as possible, and I cannot think of any way to get the start of her."

"We'll have to wait patiently," answered Lucinda. "You know I'll wait till doomsday before I'll marry any one else, Robert."

"I wonder what she would say if she knew I was here?" he asked, and I am rather inclined to think he kissed her by way of putting an interrogation point to his question.

"Oh, my," cried Lucinda, with a little shiver, "I don't know. I don't dare to think. She'd turn you out of doors, and lock me up every Sunday night, I suppose. I'd be as scared to see her come popping in here as she is afraid of seeing ghosts."

"Is she afraid of ghosts?" asked Robert.

"I expect you'd think so, if you lived with her," answered Lucinda. "She's always expecting to see one, but never has succeeded in doing so yet. I tell her there isn't such a thing as a ghost, but she knows there is, and I don't know but she'd rather be glad to see one for the sake of proving the truth of her belief."

Pretty soon the clock struck one.

"Hark," said Lucinda, suddenly. "I thought I heard a step. Good gracious! Some one is coming down stairs. It's mother; she'll find you here. Crawl into this closet, quick, and I'll get into some corner, and manage to slip out when she comes in."

"I've got a plan," whispered Robert. "You crawl into the closet yourself."

And before Lucinda knew what she was doing, he had pushed her into the little four-by-four room where the pots and kettles were kept; as the door did not swing quite to, she could see what was going on in the kitchen.

Robert seized one of the sheets which was hanging on the clothes-rack, from Saturday's ironing, and gave it a twist about his body just as the kitchen door opened and Mrs. Baker came groping her way in without a light.

"Goodness sakes alive," she exclaimed, catching sight of the lamp burning dimly; "if that careless girl didn't go to bed an' leave the lam' burnin'. It's a mussy we ain't burnt up. Oh, Lor'!"

This last exclamation was caused by the apparition which glided slowly across the room in front of her.

"Oh, my soul. What'll I do?" she gasped, in an awful fright. "Who—who are you? Are you James?"

"I am," was the response, in sepulchral tone.

"What—what do you want?" asked Mrs. Barker, faintly.

"I can't rest," was the answer, from the ghostly visitant. "I keep thinking of poor Lucinda."

"Is she going to die?" queried Mrs. Barker, who was wishing she dared run, or call her daughter.

"No," answered the voice from the other world, as Mrs. Barker believed. "But you are breaking her heart. I can't rest for that."

"Could—do you think you could rest if I let her marry Robert Carter?" asked Mrs. Baker, anxious to get her former spouse back where he belonged.

For a respectable spirit to be skylarking in this fashion, at dead of night, she considered highly improper.

The idea of having him turn up in this way was rather uncomfortable.

If he couldn't rest, and had taken to wandering about on that account, he might be always coming, and the sooner he could rest the better for him and her.

So reasoned Mrs. Barker, in her terrible fright.

"Yes, I could rest if you would do that," was the reply.

"Well, I will; I'll tell Lucindy so to-night," said Mrs. Barker, "if it'll make you comfortable."

"Be sure you do," responded her ghostly husband. "I must go; remember your promise."

In an instant the white figure had disappeared and all was darkness.

Mrs. Barker always asserted that it vanished into thin air.

Lucinda's opinion on the subject is that some one blew the lamp out suddenly, and thus caused the ghost to disappear.

But that is immaterial.

Mrs. Barker states further that she heard a noise among the kettles, and then a sound as if some one crossed the floor, but she saw nothing.

She had barely strength to drag her trembling limbs upstairs to Lucinda's door.

When Lucinda let her in, she was half dead with fright.

She told her story, and asserted that she had recognized her dead husband's features the minute she saw the ghost; and his voice the moment she heard it.

Lucinda gave it as her opinion that her mother had been dreaming.

"Tell me I'm a fool," exclaimed Mrs. Barker, scornfully; "I know it was a ghost, and you needn't try to argy me out of it. Hain't I got eyes 'n ears, an' didn't I see it just dissolve into nothin', an' didn't he tell me he couldn't rest?"

Lucinda and her husband keep their own counsel as well as Mrs. Barker kept her word. She is satisfied with her son-in-law, and thinks she drove a pretty good bargain with her husband when she hired him to rest easy if she would consent to Lucinda's marriage.

But she don't want to see him again.

She is willing to wait.

But she enjoys the satisfaction of being able to say that she has seen a ghost, and that is something that everybody can't say.

CRAWLING OUT.

It is one of the few amusing things on shipboard, as the steamer ploughs her way into the green waters of the channel, as the sailors make merry over polishing the brasses and painting the woodwork, as the gulls fly about, and the treeless, barren, isle-dotted coast of Ireland is upon either side, to see, not exactly the sea giving up its dead, but the state-rooms giving up their almost dead. They come out as toads come out after a summer rain; come crawling out, blinking to the unaccustomed light of day, sallow, heavy-eyed, weak-limbed sufferers, who feel that they have been snatched from the jaws of death, and are yet hardly in a condition to be decently grateful for the snatching. To one who has been so blissfully happy as not to come under the power of the awful *mal-de-mer* it must be laughable to see these subjects of a recent resurrection eye each other furtively, as they do, each with an unuttered lie in the expression of his gaze. "Oh, no! I haven't *thought* of being sick. I only stayed below to read my Bible, or because I didn't want to get tanned; that's all. Oh, no! I wasn't sick in the least; but I see the old fellow has used you pretty roughly." This from the masculine invalid only; not from the feminine, who is never so sensitive to the disgrace of having been routed by the common enemy as the lord of creation is. It is often the case that passengers who have had rooms in the same corridor, who are ministered to by the same steward or stewardess, who listened to each other's groans by night, and participated in each other's sweet seasons of upheaval by day, and who become familiar, in the ten or twelve days of the passage, with the sound of each other's voices as with the tones of the mother who bore them, look upon each other for the first time just as the ship goes over Liverpool bar.

TURKISH IMPERTURBABILITY.

The indolence of the people in Turkey is something almost wonderful. No one except a native of the country thoroughly understands the art of laziness. The men sit all day long on little stools in front of the various *cafes*, smoking and talking—never stirring. They even talk in a low, murmuring tone, very different to a crowd of Dutchmen, Frenchmen, or even Englishmen. There is not the least excitement of any kind in their manner; all is tranquil laziness. The other evening the cry of "yanjinvar" (fire) echoed through the village (Buyukdere), and yet no one stirred from his place in the *cafe*. Presently a *cavasse* came in and accosted a Turk who was seated smoking his narghila, saying, "Your house is burned." He simply bowed his head, saying, "Kismet." The *cavasse* then said, "Your woman and one child are also burned. There were two saved. Where shall they be taken?" The Turk said slowly, "Great is God; take them to my mother," and resumed his pipe.

It is not high crimes, such as robbery and murder, which destroy the peace of society. The village gossip, family quarrels, jealousies and bickerings between neighbors, meddlesomeness and tattling are the worms which eat into all social happiness.

WHAT IS POETRY?—If a young reader should ask which is the best way of knowing bad poets from good, the best poets from the next best and so on, the answer is twofold: First, the perusal of the best poets with the greatest attention; second, the cultivation of that love of truth and beauty which made them what they are. Every true reader of poetry partakes a more than ordinary portion of the poetic nature; and no one can be completely such who does not love or take an interest in everything that interests the poet, from the firmament to the daisy, from the highest heart of man to the most pitiable of the laws. It is a good practice to read with pen in hand, marking what is liked or doubted. It rivets the attention, realizes the greatest amount of enjoyment, and facilitates reference.

The Pace that Kills.

"It is the pace that kills." People who live fast get old rapidly. Nothing wears out the constitution like dissipation and late hours. Hygeia, goddess of health, bitterly revenges herself upon all who break her laws, not alone those who do so wantonly, but even those who are compelled by hard necessity. Constant overwork saps the physical structure with no less certainty, if less rapidly, than dissipated habits. There is, however, an antiseptic which, so far as it is in the power of medicine to retard the wear and tear of the system thus accelerated, achieves that object most successfully. This preservative is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a vitalizing agent without a peer. Premature decay, whether it be the result of inherent weakness, hard work, continuous anxiety, dissipation or disease, is stayed in its withering career, and the exhausted and shattered system powerfully reinforced by this genial restorative.

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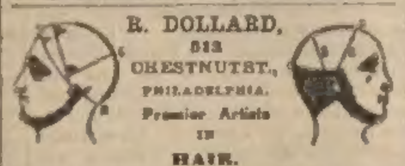

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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

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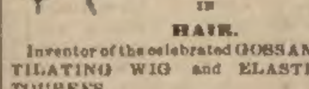

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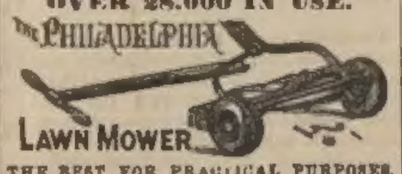

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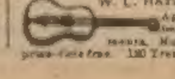

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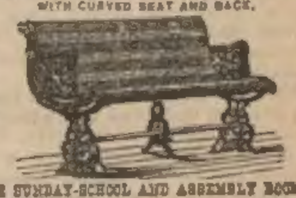

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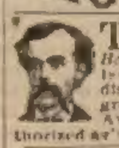

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The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

It is with unfeigned pleasure that we can at last speak of genial spring days, and the welcome warmth of early summer, as though both had actually come, and we were not still striving to cheat ourselves into the belief that they must exist, because the almanac announced May, and then June, while we walked shiveringly about and tried to enjoy this "winter painted green." Not many "lads and lassies gay" went a Maying last month we trow.

But we may don our crisp muslins and hernanis now, for June is less treacherous than her much vaunted sister May.

Before we commence our descriptions of suits, etc., we must tell of a question which has been propounded to us, by a fair and inquisitive correspondent, *i. e.*: "Whether we had our own dresses, etc., made by the fashions we describe for others, and advise them to adopt?" We answer most decidedly "Yes; we do take our own prescriptions, *verbatim*, too." We wonder how many of our medical friends can say as much?

And now to business. First on our list this week is a heruani suit, which we greatly admire and recommend as a model to our fair friends.

It has no separate overskirt, and is in two pieces—basque and one long skirt. This latter is trimmed from waist to hem, on the front and side breadths with alternate puffs and ruffles. Down each side, after these ruffles and puffs are set on, there are placed two longitudinal puffs, each side of which is edged with a small gathered frill. The ruffles and puffs adorning the front are set on *en tablier*, in a rounded shape. The back widths are trimmed with four gathered flounces each six inches wide. At the waist the back widths are set on in a large double box pleat.

The basque is longer in front than at the back, and is trimmed to similate a vest, while at the back it is arranged in pleats. The sleeves are shirred horizontally, or more properly speaking around the arm, as far as just above the wrist, where a pleated frill four or five inches deep falls over the hand. The neck is heart shaped, and has a moderate frabe, inside of which is basted a pleating of white crepe lisse; a similar pleating being inside of the sleeves.

A very charming wrapper for the watering places or country was made of Dolly Varden cretonne. It was cut Gabrielle, and had what is termed a Watteau back—that is a large box plait laid at the neck just in the middle of the back, and is allowed to fall free from thence, giving a very graceful aspect to the garment. A bow, with loops and long ends, of three inch wide black velvet ribbon was placed at the top of this plait. The bottom of the skirt was trimmed with a deep Spanish flounce, headed by a full pleated ruffle. The sleeves were half loose, ending in two ruffles which fell over the wrist; and on the outer seam of the upper one was placed a bow and ends of black velvet ribbon. Similar bows closed the front of the garment.

A breakfast cap of sheer muslin accompanied this, trimmed with bows of black velvet ribbon.

A charming dress for the promenade consisted of underskirt of brown silk, with two ruffles at the bottom, above which was a puff, edged on each side with a ruffle as wide as those below—say about seven inches. The overskirt was of debege of the lightest shade of brown, made round apron in front, trimmed with a ruffle and upright frill of the brown silk. The back consisted of a long sash of the debege, a width of the goods in fact, edged all round with a bias fold of the silk four inches wide, and then draped by means of tapes to form a bouffant.

The basque, of debege, was sleeveless, and trimmed in front with a sort of vest, or "*plastron*" as our French neighbors term it, of the silk, shirred, small standing collar of silk finishes the neck. The sleeves are of silk, half tight, and ending at the wrist in two ruffles, above which is turned upwards a narrow pointed cuff of the debege. This is not a very expensive costume, yet is stylish and can be readily imitated.

Some charming suits for girls of eight and twelve years of age are shown in pique. One was of finely corded pique, with two flounces of bishop's lawn, very elaborately wrought in Hamburg embroidery. The apron overskirt was trimmed with a narrower flounce of the same. The waist was rather novel, being a sleeveless cuirass of pique, cut square in the neck, back and front, and worn over a full shirt waist of the lawn. A soft brown sash, laid in many folds, was worn about the waist, quite low down, and loosely knotted behind.

Another dress was of the palest shade of gray cheviot, combined with a plaided serge of two shades of darker gray. The lower skirt was plain, and laid in wide, kilt plaits, the bottom simply hemmed with "blind" stitching. The overdress had waist and skirt in one. The former was a box-plaited waist, consisting of four plaits in the back and five in front. The fulness of the skirt was arranged by pleats laid under, at the back. The bottom of the overskirt was trimmed with a knife pleating of the cheviot goods of which the lower skirt was made. The back was draped by means of tapes, and the front closed with bows of dark gray ribbon, instead of buttons. A deep Byron collar of the cheviot, and square cuffs of the same, finished the neck and sleeves. Small square pockets were placed on each side of the front, and ornamented with a bow of ribbon, matching those upon the front. A wide gray sash, with deeply fringed ends, was worn with this suit.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The Byronic collar is growing in popularity. Flaring cuffs are worn to match it.

With the low Greek coiffure, now so fashionable, long streamers of black velvet ribbon are worn—a band of velvet passes around the knot.

Pearl colored kid gloves stitched in black, and lemon colored ones stitched in dark blue or violet, are very much worn for concerts, the opera and receptions.

Fichus of Honiton or Mechlin lace are much worn. A flounce of either of these laces can be made to answer, passed around the neck and crossed on the bosom.

Nets for the hair are being worn by Parisian belles.

A rose worn high on the left side of the hair among the puffs, or at the side of the Spanish comb, is considered *en regle* for brunettes.

The Dolly Varden chintzes are revived for wrappers for morning wear at the watering places or the seaside, adorned with black velvet bows.

Fans of quaintly woven straw are among the novelties. They are made so as to shut up.

Beaded belts will be much worn this summer with heruani costumes, also beaded sleeveless jackets of net, striped with black velvet ribbon.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. A. E. C.—Thanks for your kind note; we are glad you liked the articles sent. It is a great pleasure to execute any commission for one so courteous and considerate.

B. R.—Wear your hair crepe in front, with a few light "tendrils" falling over the forehead. The back hair can be worn in a low knot, confined by a comb, or in a chatelaine braid; both are fashionable.

MRS. S. M. T.—We would advise you to make your silk with a deep flounce on the lower skirt, at the bottom of which put a narrow knife-edge pleating. Above this flounce put a shirring of two or three puffs, and head with a standing ruffle. Make a deep apron overskirt, and trim either with a shirring, and deep crimped silk fringe, or a knife pleating. You can have three rows of whatever trimming you desire, to similate three aprons, which is a very fashionable style. Make a basque waist, cuirass front and postillion back. Let the sleeve be coat shape, or else half tight fitting. Trim with a knife pleated ruffle, falling over the hand, and a shirred puff up the outer seam from shoulder to where the ruffle at the wrist commences. Have a standing collar or ruff at the neck, if your throat is long, if otherwise, a small Byron collar will be more becoming. Thank you for your very kind letter.

NINON.

THE BRONTES' STRUGGLES.

The literary history of the remarkable sisters, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Bronte, illustrates in a very interesting manner the exigencies of authorship. These girls lived with their father in a secluded hamlet in the north of England and were desirous of publishing a volume of poems. They wrote to a publishing house and arranged to have the book printed and published at the authors' expense. The volume fell dead from the press and the girls remitted the bill, which was equal to about $350. It was a hard loss and made a gap in the little funds of the family, but there was no avoiding the result, which was borne with cheerfulness. These poems were published as the production of three brothers, Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, and the best notice which any of them received was accorded to the poems of Ellis (Emily), who was considered by Charlotte the most talented of the family. The gifted sisters were not disheartened. Charlotte had written a novel, which she sent to a publisher, who returned it. It was afterwards sent to six other houses, and was declined by every one. The book was called "The Professor," and, we think, has never been published. Charlotte, while the work was going the rounds, commenced "Jane Eyre," which she determined to make more of a sensation novel than "The Professor," and succeeded to a remarkable degree. The MS. was sent to the great house of Smith, Elder & Co., and was published at their risk, and had a ready sale. Subsequently the author and her sister Anne went to London to see the publishers and the latter were astonished to behold two diminutive young women clad in dress of rural simplicity who represented so popular a book as "Jayne Eyre." Charlotte had Smith, Elder & Co.'s business correspondence as a proof of her identity, and this removed all doubt. Then, for the first time, the publishers learned that Currer Bell, once supposed to be a man, was a delicate girl, whose studies of life and society had been of a very limited character. Such was the entrance of the most talented family of the present age into the literary world. How tedious and thorny a path they trod can only be learned by experience. Perhaps the history of this remarkable trio is one of the most striking in the modern history of genius, and has an almost tragical character. Seldom has the world witnessed three such talented sisters, who withered rapidly under misfortune and followed each other in quick succession to the grave.

A SWALLOW'S MISSION.

The "swallow flying south" was entrusted with a very pretty message from her destined husband to Tennyson's wilful princess. Utopian swallows, no doubt, transmit all such communications faithfully, but in this prosaic world they usually come and go unweighted even with such light gear as lovers' vows. One, however, lately knocked at the window of a peasant farmer in a village in one of the northern departments of France to deliver a note. On being admitted in a very exhausted condition it perched upon the chimney-piece, where it allowed itself to be examined and handled, when it was discovered that the little harbinger of summer had a red ribbon round its neck to which a paper was attached. This, on being unfolded, proved to be an appeal on behalf of the bird from a member of a household in Italy, whose home it had visited for six years. In obedience to the wishes of its distant protector the swallow was caressed, warmed and fed, and a green ribbon substituted for the decoration it had received in Italy. Then, and not till then, the bird exhibited symptoms of impatience; it was set at liberty, flew out of the window, and, although it remained in the neighborhood of the farm, never again made any attempt to communicate with the inmates. The locality from which it came being, as it appeared from the note, in the neighborhood of Mount Vesuvius, the occurrence is worthy of the attention of ornithologists as a contribution to the data on which to decide the length and direction of the flight of migratory birds.

WRITE, said one of the wise old Grecians, not so that you may be understood, but so that you must be. It is the sovereign rule for the formation of a good style. Unless you actually have something which you wish to make known to your readers, it is better to write nothing at all.

FALSEHOOD is often rocked by truth, but she soon outgrows her cradle, and discards her nurse.

SHADOWS OVER THE WAY.

PIG IN THE POT.

BY JAMES B. MARSH.

Young Paddy Mosbane, sure no lad could be bolder,
Coaxed Biddy McShae to be sharing his lot;
And Pat had a lively young pig on his shoulder,
And she on her head bore a big iron pot.

From the town, just at nightfall, as home they were walking,
Through a dark lonely thicket their winding path lay,
Biddy sat down the pot, stopped her laughing and talking,
Paddy turned round and ax'd her the cause of delay.

"Och," said she, "I'm afraid you'll be acting uncivil,
I'll not go alone through this thicket wid you,
For Paddy, avick, you're as wild as the divil,
You'll be kissing and squazing me, that's what you'll do!"

"But the pig," replied Pat, "that I've lugged so securely,
If loose, back to town like the divil he'd trot."
"Och, Paddy," said she, as she glanced up demurely,
"Shure couldn't ye's put the pig under the pot?"

SWORD AND SADDLE;

OR,

YOUNG AMERICA IN MEXICO.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

Author of "Silver Rifle," "River and Forest," Etc., Etc.

NUMBER X.

Richard's Capture—Tom Dawson—Home Again.

When our young fortune-seekers saw that Maurice, the Major, was determined to depart to Vera Cruz, taking them along, they submitted with the best grace assumable under the circumstances. Frank remained in the hospital for several days, and one bright Thursday morning our two bade farewell to the City of the Angels.

The Major was a bearer of dispatches to the Commandant at Vera Cruz, and a strong escort had been furnished for his protection. He was expected to reach the seaboard city in time to send certain official documents to the President of the United States by the ship Voltican; also in time to return to Scott with some American reinforcements.

He had given Frank to understand that he was to become a passenger in the Voltican; but since the conversation in the hospital the subject had not been mentioned.

Richard longed to reach Jalapa. The movements of the detachment seemed snail-like, and when the Major informed him that the city was to be avoided, a shadow of bitter disappointment crossed his face.

He thought of the beautiful girl who had won his earliest, his romantic love, the girl whose life he had saved; and it was such thoughts that caused him to speak so determined to his friend Frank.

"I must see her!" he said. "If I cannot persuade Maurice, the Major, to go to Jalapa, I am going thither myself and alone. See Inez I must before I leave the land of the Montezumas."

The Major was obstinate. He saw that celerity must prove the success of his mission, and that the road south of the city was a better and shorter thoroughfare than the one leading through it.

The detachment would pass within six miles of the city, and Richard, who had matured his plans, stole from the train, and with his comrade rode rapidly away. They did not fear any danger, for Jalapa was garrisoned by a force of Americans, and the country round about was in commendable subjection.

Stars lit up the heavens when the companions rode into Jalapa, and Richard rode straight to the pretentious house beyond whose threshold he had lately parted with Inez Donjero.

His raps brought footsteps to the door, which was opened by Colonel Romedias, whose face wore a frown. Richard noticed that the Mexican's arm still rested in a sling, and after his military salutation, inquired about his wound. A gruff answer, displaying the Colonel's humor, rewarded him.

"I wish to see the Senorita Inez, your niece," said Richard.

"She has left the city for a new home; *estalejos*," (it is far off) replied the Mexican, avoiding the young soldier's penetrating eyes.

"Colonel Romedias," he began, accusingly, when a well known voice interrupted him. Romedias turned pale.

"I hear her voice!" said Richard. "Senorita!"

The next moment the beautiful girl was in the hall; and, stepping across the threshold, Richard seized her hand with unbounded joy.

"*Senorita*, I came to say *adios*," he said. "I am going home."

"To the north-land?" she asked, turning pale.

"Yes!—I am coming back no more."

Then the girl told Richard that her father, the General, had died from wounds received in battle, and that her uncle had tyrannized over her in a manner that was becoming insupportable.

Richard heard all, and then blushing said:

"*Senorita*, the north-land is as sunny and fair as Mexico. I have a home whose roof would gladly shelter you. Will you go thither with the young enemy of your country's gray soldiers?"

She hesitated, blushed and looked away; but answered at last in a low tone:

"If the young Senor would take Inez."

A minute later Richard led her to the horse, but found himself confronted by the infuriated Colonel.

"Stand back, sir," cried Richard. "Frank, cover him with your pistol, and if he offers to retain the *Senorita* by force, deprive the Mexican army of Col. Romedias."

The command was obeyed, and the Mexican found a pistol leveled at his breast. He broke out into a volley of blasphemy, and saw Richard assist the Senorita to the saddle.

"*Adios*," said Inez, waving her hand to her fuming relative, and the horses dashed away, leaving him a statue of rage and amazement.

A mile without the city, the adventurers encountered a part of the train led by Maurice, the Major.

"I thought you were off on a woman expedition?" exclaimed the soldier. "I see you have caught the mystery."

"We have," said Richard, proudly.

"Frank, you'll have to take up with some Alabama syren," and the brusque soldier showed merriment in his eye. "Richard is eager to go home now."

The boys rejoiced to find the Major in such good humor, and when the party returned to the detachment Richard surrendered his horse to his love, the *Senorita*, who could ride with grace.

The remainder of the journey seemed short to Richard. Vera Cruz was reached without further accident.

They found the Voltican on the eve of her departure for New Orleans, and the youths and Inez were registered as passengers.

"I say, there is Tom Dawson!" exclaimed Frank Hatton, pointing to a boy who sat on the landing.

"Impossible!" returned Richard. "He was home when we left; you know we debated the propriety of bringing him with us to this country."

Frank, not satisfied, approached the object of their conversation, who was found to be their old friend, Tom Dawson, of Alabama.

"How in the world did you get away down here, Tom?" exclaimed Richard.

"Made my way by hook and crook to New Orleans, and came here about the same way. Heard you fellows had preceded me; and I was bound to come, too. I'm going inland with the reinforcements—going to show these Mexicans a little Dawson muscle. Yes, sir'ee, I'm going to follow Scott to the halls of the Montezumas. I'll sustain the honor of old Alabama; she shall never blush for Tom Dawson!"

The following day our heroes bade farewell to Tom Dawson, and Maurice, the Major, and the Voltican sailed for the Crescent City.

A pleasant voyage made all souls happy, and in due time Young America found themselves at home once more.

"I've proved a poor prophet!" exclaimed old Firman, the Revolutionary soldier, grasping Richard's hand. "The war goes on gloriously. I feel like going down there and showing Santa Anna how we fought at Monmouth and Yorktown."

Reader, we have followed our young Alabamians to the bloody fields of Mexico, and have returned with them to the plantations which they never forgot. They have proven themselves true Americans in bravery and kindness; and their lives to-day are bright examples of integrity and truth.

Richard wedded the pretty *Senorita*, who eventually recovered her property from her uncle's grasp, and Frank was captured by the sunny smiles and goodness of a Northern lass.

Maurice, the Major, returned from the war with eagles on his shoulders; and Tom Dawson found many opportunities for showing the Mexicans a "little Dawson muscle."

But more of him, perhaps, *anon*.

I cannot drop the pen before I have said, with pride, that Richard is addressed in legislative halls as the Hon. Mr. Julian; and that the sharer of his Mexican experience is Prof. Hatton, of a noted university.

"Act well your part: there all the honor lies!"

[THE END].

SOMETHING ABOUT KISSES IN HISTORY.

There have been some famous kisses in history, and some that have been important in shaping political events. When Cardinal John Lorraine was presented to the Duchess of Savoy, she gave him her hand to kiss. The great churchman was indignant. "I'll not be treated in this manner; I kiss the Queen, my mistress, and shall I not kiss you who are only a Duchess?" And despite the resistance of the proud little Portugese Princess, he kissed her three times squarely on the mouth. Voltaire was once publicly kissed by the young and lovely Countess De Villars, who was compelled to this salute by the *claqueurs* in the pit, who were mad with enthusiasm over the great writer. Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, gave Steel, a butcher, a kiss for a vote, and another lady, equally beautiful, Jane, Duchess of Gordon, recruited a regiment in a similar manner. She was in the habit of putting a shilling between her teeth, the sum usually handed recruits to bind the bargain, and inviting any man who filled the physical requirements of a soldier to take the silver from its place, and become one of the famous Ninety-second. Said Daniel O'Connell, in securing votes for his favorite candidates, "Let no woman salute the man who votes against them." Of course he carried the day. The portrait painter, Gilbert Stuart, once met a lady in Boston who said to him: "I have just seen your likeness, Mr. Stuart, and kissed it because it was so much like you." "And did it kiss you in return?" said he. "No," replied the lady. "Then," returned the gallant painter, "it was not like me."

THE FURNACE.—It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross was in our composition.

Correspondents' Bureau

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DECLINED WITH THANKS.—A Stream of Warning. Maria Keller's Love. Would Ye Know of a Love? Summer Time. To Minnie ——. The Secret Marriage. Love's Reasons.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

HILDEBRAND.—The Fourth of July falls upon a Sunday again in the following years during the present century: 1880, 1888 and 1897.

S. S. S. B. C.—The only Baltic Provinces that we know of are Esthonia, Livonia and Courland. We do not know to which you refer by the name of "Liefland," and cannot, therefore, tell you anything about it.

JERRY.—Although Columbus was virtually the greatest man of his era, there is little definite information about his family and early life. The place and time of his death, however, is well known, having occurred, as we stated, at Valladolid, *not* Seville, May 20th, A. D. 1506.

IGNORANT.—The word "æsthetic" is derived from the Greek verb *aisthanomai*—I perceive by the senses—namely, see, hear, feel, smell, perceive with the mind, understand, comprehend, discern, learn, remember. It means, "belonging to the perception of the beautiful." Generally, "æsthetics" is the science of taste.

O. B.—She praises him before you, not because she likes him better than she likes you, but because she desires to spur you on to pay more direct attention to her, and to display for her that sort of love which gives promise of marriage in the not too distant future. We believe that she is fond of you, and has made up her mind to have you for her husband, if she can, and we hope you will not disappoint her in an expectation which is so flattering to you.

EXCELSIOR.—The first steam engine imported to this country was a Newcomen, for the Passaic, N. J., copper mines, in 1736; the second engine was built by one Christopher Colles, of Philadelphia, in 1772, for a distillery. The first locomotive run on rails anywhere out of England was the "Stourbridge Lion," imported by the Delaware and Hudson Company, in August, 1829. The first railway in this country was the Quincy, Mass., in 1826. The Baltimore & Ohio was the first passenger railway, in 1830.

H. A. M.—Having been unable to return that visit according to the promise you had given, you should have lost no time in writing to explain, and that you have so long delayed makes it very awkward for you, and you would find it difficult to excuse yourself for the double offence you have now committed. There is nothing like the truth, and we would advise you unreservedly to confess your fault, and throw yourself upon their mercy, particularly as you know that they would not be very hard upon you.

INNOCENCE.—The gentleman is not acting according to strict rules of propriety, for he should at least have made a declaration of his love for you before he attempted to exercise a privilege that is only, or should be only accorded to acknowledged lovers. As you confess a partiality for him, you should, the next time he commits another such breach of impropriety, firmly, yet not rudely, deny him the privilege, telling him that you do not consider the relations between you sufficiently defined to warrant such a liberty on his part. This will most probably induce him to speak out.

PERPLEXED.—Letters that cool down from red-hot love to a tone of mere friendship, tell the whole story; and when a former "devoted lover" becomes a "your truly," even a blind person might see how the land lies. His intention is to break off gradually with you, so that your flame may gradually die out, his own being already extinguished. Give yourself the advantage of terminating the affair, and, in reply to his next letter, say that you made a mistake in thinking that you liked him, have since found that you don't like him at all, and would rather that he would not write to you any more.

FELIX.—The meerschaum pipe is soaked in a composition of beeswax and olive oil. The wax and oil are absorbed by the meerschaum, and are the cause of the color produced in such pipes by smoking. The heat of the burning tobacco causes the oil of the tobacco to mix the wax and the olive oil in the meerschaum, and these gradually assume those dark tints so much prized by some inveterate smokers. In some cases pipes are artificially stained by soaking them in a solution of iron mixed with dragon blood. 2. We do not think that the figures you allude to have any significance whatever, and have always considered them as merely fanciful ornaments to the buildings.

T. C. SANDERS.—Shakspeare was of course guilty of what is called an anachronism, that is, an error in chronology, in placing an event earlier than it really happened, when he made use of the expression (in "Macbeth") of "Cannons overcharged with double cracks." Indeed, Shakspeare was very bold in that way, and in his time the art of historic keeping, local coloring, and strict preservation of the unities, was not insisted upon or much regarded. For instance, he makes Nestor, at the siege of Troy, quote Aristotle, who was not born till centuries later; Jack Cade speak of printing; Hamlet's father be saluted with cannon; and other similar instances which we might point out. The truth is, he subordinated his art to the easiest way of speaking to his audience.

H. B. G.—You say that you accepted a ring from a gentleman some time ago, when he was keeping company with you, but you don't like him now so well as you used to, and you have been treating him so coldly that he has taken the hint and ceased coming to see you. You wish to know what you should do about the ring. The mere fact of your asking such a question proves that you have some compunction about keeping it, after having treated the donor so coolly and unkindly. Of course you should return it, under the circumstances. 2. Unless the gentleman in question has asked you to allow him to be your special escort, he has no right whatever to find fault and to get "mad" with you for accepting that of others.

BILLIARDS.—"Who first invented the game of billiards?" is a question which we are not prepared to answer, for we are not aware that the name of the inventor has been handed down. Up to 1827 the tables were made of wood and marble; in that year slate tables were first substituted, and only in 1835 India rubber cushions took the place of flock and list. Again, it was not until 1807, that leathern tips were invented for cues, which rendered side strokes possible. About 1815 the side stroke was discovered by one Hartley, the proprietor of billiard rooms at Bath, England. Hartley had a marker named Carr, who, when pressed to reveal it, produced boxes of what he called "twisting chalk," to the use of which he attributed its powers, and which he sold at seventy-five cents a box.

L. O. C. (Lancaster, Pa.)—The specimens you have forwarded to us of your little daughter's skill in drawing evince considerable natural talent, and from what you tell us regarding her passionate love of sketching, more especially in the comic line, we should by all mean strongly recommend you to encourage and develop the talent with which she has been so remarkably gifted. In doing this, however, considering her extreme youth (ten years), you must be very careful not to allow her to overtax her strength, both mental and physical, but to carry on her sketching more as a pastime for the present, until she is a few years older. We would also advise you to communicate with the principal of the Philadelphia School of Design for Women, corner of Merrick and Filbert streets, Philadelphia, sending her specimens such as you forwarded us, and asking her advice as to the best means of cultivating your daughter's talent.

CELIA.—Where care is taken to prevent the ravages of clothes moths, it is not a hard matter to keep free from them, but careless housewives are sure to be overrun with them. The best plan is, then, to expose all garments that have been packed away in closets, wardrobes or chests to the heat of the sun, in May or June, when the moths first appear, and thoroughly shaking, bruising or beating them before they are finally put away again, but they should always be packed with sheets of paper sprinkled with leaves of tobacco, shavings of Russia leather, or, better than all, with lumps of camphor. Powdered black pepper strewed under the edge of carpets is said to repel the moths in such situations. Furs should be well beaten, and placed in linen bags with camphor, and there will be little danger of injury.

THOMAS S.—If those friends of yours could only see the piles of letters before us, they would change their opinion as to the promptness of our correspondence. It is the most difficult portion of this paper to compile, for it is so varied, that we have to refer to many sources to get correct answers, and the advice sought is so momentous to the applicants, that we have not only to look to the present circumstances, but to the future bearings of the question, before we can give a conscientious answer. Your question belongs to the latter class; and we hold it to be a rule that the husband should not be many years the younger of his wife. But, according to the old saying, there is no rule without an exception, and if the character you give your intended is correct, we have no doubt that she would make you perfectly happy.

CUNARD.—It all depends upon yourself how cheaply you can make a trip to Europe. It can be done very cheaply, and in a very short time, if set about and carried through rightly. You say you are limited to six weeks, and want to know if it can be done in that time. Say that you leave New York on July 20th; you would arrive in Liverpool about the 30th; in London, three days; to Paris, *via* Southampton, visiting Cowes, Rouen, etc., two days; stay in Paris four days; Switzerland, eight days; back to England, two days; and home again in ten days, which would just bring you within your six weeks. Such a trip could be accomplished, costing you, in gold, not more than three hundred and fifty dollars. If you really contemplate going, and will write to us, giving us your address, we will gladly give you some little information which may be of some service to you, and save you a good deal of expense beside.

SHAVER.—Your suggestion, that "a barber's pole is painted red, white and blue, in respect to the national colors," is ingenious, we must say, but not a correct one, as you might have noticed before, for we think we once before explained the true origin of the barber's pole. So far back as 1797, there was a statute in force in England, by which the barbers and surgeons were each to use a pole. The barbers were to have theirs blue and white, striped, with no other appendage; but the surgeons', which was the same in other respects, was likewise to have a gallipot and a red rag to denote the particular nature of their vocation. The reason why the surgeon's pole was adorned with a line of blue, red and white, winding around its length in a regular serpentine progression, was this: The blue represented the venous blood, the more brilliant color the arterial, and the white was symbolic of the bandage used in tying up the arm after withdrawing the ligature. The stick itself is a sign that the operator possesses a stout staff for his patients to hold, accelerating the flow of blood by the muscular action of the arm.

REPORTER.—There are over fifty clubs in London, with a roll of fully sixty thousand members at the lowest computation. The rule there is, that each member must be elected by ballot, and he pays an entrance fee on admission, and afterwards an annual subscription, which varies, like entrance fees, in different clubs. Thus, in the "Athenæum Club," for instance, the entrance fee is about one hundred and thirty dollars; annual subscription, thirty-two dollars. The London clubs are private hotels on a magnificent scale. They have billiard rooms, coffee rooms, splendid libraries, saloon furniture and plate of the costliest and rarest description. For about thirty-two dollars a year, at the club we have named above, which may be taken as a good example of the rest, every member has the command of an excellent library, the daily London papers, English and foreign periodicals, and every material for writing, with a flock of gorgeous flunkies in powder and epaulets to attend at his nod, and a host of youthful pages in buttons and broadcloth. Meals are ready at all hours, and the kitchens of these clubs cannot be surpassed in the world, the chief cooks who have charge of them having each an European fame.

W. C. M.—"I read lately in an English paper something about 'Blue coat School.' Can you give me any information about this school?" "Blue coat School" is the name ordinarily given to Christ's Hospital, London, in which the boys wear blue coats or gowns, according to an old costume. This costume consists of a blue woolen gown or coat, with a narrow, red leather girdle round the waist, yellow breeches, and yellow stockings, a clergyman's bands at the neck, and a small blue worsted cap; but this last they seldom wear, and are generally seen going about bareheaded. Such has been the costume of the boys since the foundation of the school in the reign of Edward IV; the persistency in it through successive generations affording a curious instance of the unchangeableness in some of the English usages. No boy is admitted before seven years of age, or after ten, and none can remain after fifteen, with the exception of "King's boys" (*i. e.*, those who attend the mathematical school founded by Charles II. in 1672), and "Grecians" (*i. e.*, the highest class of scholars in the hospital), of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Al-whom eight are sent on various scholarships to together, about eight hundred boys can be admitted. The right of presentation is vested in the managing governors. These are the Lord Mayor of London, the aldermen, and twelve common council-men. Besides these, all noblemen and gentlemen who benefit the hospital to the extent of £400 are governors.

J. E. D.—It is not known when or in what country money first became the substitute for unstamped bullion as the general representative of property and the measure of value. Assyria, with her immense hosts and magnificent cities, had no money. Egypt had no money. Ancient Persia, before the time of the first Darius, had none. The early Hebrews, down to the time of Judas Maccabæus, were without money. Rome was without money to the time of Servius Tullius; and the Greeks, after heroic ages, were equally destitute of money. Among all these nations gold and silver, when used in barter, was weighed out by the scales; as, when Abraham purchased the Cave of Macpelah, he "weighed to Ephron the silver which he had named in the audience of the sons of Heth." Moreover, there was anciently no money in Arabia, or the riches of the patriarch Job would not have been estimated by his camels, oxen and she-asses; and in Greece, in the time of Homer, cattle were made, in large purchases, the current measure of value. It is from this circumstance of oxen and asses being thus used as current measures of value that we find them specifically mentioned in the tenth commandment. By some a coin called the Daries were the first coins that were ever minted in Persia, and in the world. Others again are of opinion that the Lydians first found out the art of coining money; and still others attribute the invention to Phidon of Argos. No doubt the arts of die-engraving and of the mintage of money were, like most other arts, progressive. You will see, then, that it is quite possible for very numerous and extensive communities to arrive at national and commercial prosperity, and to attain popular happiness or comfort without money, without even the knowledge of that which, to us, appears to be so indispensable to every purpose of life, and almost even to existence itself. India, Persia, Assyria, Judæa, Egypt, Greece, Etruria, Rome, the nations of Asia Minor, including Tyre and its dependencies, all arrived at civilization and comfort without the current use of cash, and carried on their extensive mercantile and manufacturing transactions, merely by bartering commodities in kind, bullion being reckoned among those commodities.

MISCELLANEOUS.—EGLANTINE.—It will be better for you to forget him. The probability is that he never had any affection for you. THOUSLED.—Pimples arise from two or three causes, such as the blood being too hot, the stomach out of order, or weakness of the digestive organs. Take cooling medicine, and be careful as to your diet. S. AND D.—We do. LOTTIE.—You were right in not offering to return him the insignificant sum of two cents which he paid for you, but in merely thanking him was sufficient acknowledgment. A. C.—She seems to be very devoted to you, and how you have so long trifled with her is a puzzle to us. No more delays; get married as quickly as possible. A. T. N.—We don't know who the author is, or what sex he belongs to. W. P. H. (E. Springfield). We never counted the number of leaves, so cannot say. JACK.—It seems you have made some mistake about the lady's name. You should write again and explain. H. M. F.—Leave the pimples alone; they will go of themselves 2. Almost anything would be suitable. TROTTING HORSE, EAGLE HILL.—We never heard of either of the papers you mention. Where are they published? WILLIE FLOOD.—It would be utterly impossible for us to tell you "how many patents there are in the Patent Office." OLIO L. CHAMBERLAIN.—We do not understand you. Do you want a work on raising tobacco? X. Y. Z.—It should have been the 111th Psalm, verse 9. K. D.—We are glad to hear from you. Your handwriting is quite suitable for a situation as clerk. H. V. S. B. (Louisville).—Your pastor was perfectly correct in his statement. We cannot give you the exact figures.

*** *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT AND FASHION PLATE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

JUNE 19, 1875. No. 47.

THE INVENTOR.

THE CREATIVE PRIDE OF THE MECHANIC.

If any form of pride is justifiable and proper, it is that of production, or calling into existence. The author feels a pride in his successful book, the writer in the influence of his articles, the business man in the enterprise he has awakened, the wealthy man in the fortune he has accumulated. Each and all feel an honorable pride in their own agency in achieving success. But none of them can feel the thrill of satisfaction which belongs to the mechanic or inventor.

The author and writer have used only the means already prepared, and needing only arrangement. The arrangement of words, phrases and sentences, is their "style;" and rarely can they justly claim the enunciation of original ideas. The human mind, in some age, has evolved them, in some form, before they reproduced them. They may, by giving them a new dress, or presenting them from a new point of view, add to the force, or intensify the effect; but rarely is the writer a creator. The same is true of the successful business man, and the accumulator of fortunes. They simply use the means provided at their hands—means in most cases already prepared, and needing only the directing power of judgment and the controlling power of will.

But the mechanic, from misshapen materials constructs the noble edifice, the storm-defying ship, and the thousand machines which become the co-laborers with him in aiding the progress of the race. He, from crude matter, eliminates the moving, acting, almost intelligent machines which perform the labor of hundreds of human hands in a better manner than those hands could do even aided by brains. He has the advantage of the thinker or writer in seeing, in palpable form, the result of his labor, in beholding its action, and estimating its value. No producer could have enjoyed a higher degree of satisfaction than Fulton when his first steamboat successfully stemmed the current of the Hudson. What could have equaled the pride of Watt when his engine was fairly at work doing the labor of a hundred horses?

[illegible] engineering, or with lack of originality, or talent. Often no return of material profit succeeds his labor. He may be assured in his own mind that his production is meritorious, but he may find it difficult to convince others of the fact. He is compelled to appeal to the tastes and prejudices of others or to their appreciation of the truth; and possibly he is so far ahead of the demands of his time that he must wait for his utterances to do the work of educators before he will be understood and rewarded, and that reward may never come to him in this life.

The journalist is in a worse condition. A caterer to the present wants and changing caprices of the whimsical public, he may be unduly flattered on the one hand, or unjustly blamed on the other; or he may be tempted to use his position and prostitute his talents to the work of sustaining a rotten project, or assisting in the designs of unprincipled and ambitious schemers. His work is constant and mainly secret and unknown. Few give him credit for aiding in some measure of public advantage or social reform, but rather claim for themselves the origination of the movement, or the credit of giving practical form to his suggestions. He seldom knows whether his labor has been of effect or not; and if he does ascertain that it was the moving power, he is seldom personally benefited.

But the mechanic appeals directly to a powerful element, the material needs of the race. He constructs a machine which saves labor, and gives those who introduce and use it the means of wealth. The crude material, shapeless and inert, becomes, under his hand, and by the exercise of his skill, formed, finished, and endowed with life. It is a portion of himself and obeys his will. Even if envious detractors seek to rob him of the credit of his invention or skill, his success contrasted with their failure is a sufficient refutation of the slander, and he can rejoice in the consciousness that others acknowledge his merits and appreciate his labors. Besides, he has the gratification of seeing his creation grow day by day under his hands, and in witnessing the ultimate full success of his endeavor. We doubt if any pursuit is more generous in its returns than that of the mechanic, not only in its material returns, but in the satisfaction its success offers to the workman.

INDEPENDENTLY of the wealth, influence, and greatness which industry gains for us, it carries along with it another great advantage—it is conducive to the preservation of health. All things in nature are preserved in their native purity and perfection, in their sweetness, and in their lustre, by motion; but, when resting, they become corrupted or defiled. The air, when it is fanned by breezes, is pure and wholesome; but, when inactive, it is thick and putrid. Metals, when in use, are smooth and sparkling; but, when laid by, they contract rust. The soil, when tilled, yields corn; but, when fallow, it is overgrown with weeds and thistles. In fact, everything in nature is preserved in its proper condition by constant agitation. So the mental and bodily faculties of man, when in constant exercise, are preserved and improved; but when unemployed, they become dull and heavy, as if they had contracted a rust. By industry alone, then, do we preserve our healths, and perfect our natures.

SMITH'S WIFE.

BY A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

My story is about Smith's wife; and, mind you, Smith's wife isn't my wife, because I'm a bachelor; but unless I'm very much mistaken there is another Smith in town—perhaps two. Smith's wife was a little, round woman—not fat, but just pleasantly plump; there was a nice roundness about her eyes, and cheeks, and shoulders, and arms; good full curves to her red lips and pinky shelly ears; and though you would never have thought of calling her handsome, or even pretty, she was decidedly nice. She was a shrewd little body, too, with plenty of firmness; and if it had fallen to your lot to have once heard her say "Oh!" you would never have forgotten it.

Now, pray don't imagine that by the word—exclamation, ejaculation—"Oh!" I mean a half-scream or hysterical cry. Nothing of the kind. "Oh!" with Mrs. Smith expressed as much as five minutes of some people's conversation; for it was accompanied by a look and a curious tightening of the lips, and sometimes meant a very great deal, as Charles Smith very well knew. Ah! he knew it before he had been married one month of the twenty-four to which at the time present his matrimonial life had extended.

But Smith's wife was no Tartar—nothing of the kind again—but a most agreeable little body, passionately fond of her husband, though somewhat troubled by a bonyness that had commenced making its way into her home. It was not a regular skeleton grinning in a cupboard. Oh, no; but just an odd loose bone or two, over which she kept stumbling, in consequence of the great truth discovered by Shakspeare, who advises ladies to "sigh no more" because "men were deceivers ever."

"You won't be late this evening?" Charley Smith's wife said to her husband one morning, as buttoned up in his overcoat he re-entered the breakfast-room for the farewell kiss before leaving for the office.

"Well, no," he said, "unless there's pressure, my love, and then we mustn't grumble; for pressure means profit. There, good-bye."

"But, just a moment, Charley. You will try and be back?"

"To be sure," he cried; for, with the nice, gentle, appealing, loving look, he could say none other. "But there—it's time I was off."

"Yes, dear, I know; but do try and be back, Charley. I do so like having you with me of an evening."

And a little, round, plump hand held on by a button-hole, and a little, round cheek was laid against Mr. Smith's shoulder.

"Yes, yes, yes, yes," he said, rather testily. "I like coming home; only business pressure, you know."

"I did want you so badly last night, Charley; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."

"Now, how can you be so unreasonable?"

"Mrs. Lane came in last night, and Mr. Lane called for her about nine; and Mr. Lane said he saw you go into the Walnut street Theatre."

"Me? Pooh! absurd! nonsense! nonsense! mistake altogether. But there, I must go."

"Oh," said Mrs. Smith; and as her lord hurried away, that tightening of her lips was visible, and the little woman looked dull and sad as she heard the door close.

Smith did not get back to dinner that night; in fact, it was half-past one when he returned home, smelling very strongly of tobacco—probably the weed consumed as a sedative while some abstruse brief was studied. But Mrs. Smith said nothing, not even the next morning, when her husband's head ached badly, beyond the power of concealment. All she did was to make the tea a spoonful stronger, and wait in hopes of a little frankness being manifested upon her husband's part.

But she waited in vain, for Smith had promised to give up bachelor life and friends; but only to have a very severe relapse, brought on by his weakness in never being able to say "No!"

"Did you see brother William last night?" said Smith's wife, one morning after Smith had been detained by pressure at his office.

"William! No. Did he call on me?"

"No," said Mrs. Smith, quietly; "he said he went to the Academy, and you were there with a couple of friends."

"Now, really," exclaimed Smith, "this is a deal too bad. What did I tell you when I came home last night?"

"When you came home this morning."

"Well, morning if you like. I call it all night while it's dark. Didn't I tell you I was busy at my office?"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Smith.

"Then how could it be me at the Academy? It's a mistake altogether, as I've told you before. It must have been that fellow Stubbles, I think his name is, whom he saw. Good deal like me—mocks me in dress, too. Been mistaken for me, and I've had a number of people addressing me for him half a score of times."

"I don't think I should be deceived," said Smith's wife, quietly.

"You, my dear—pooh! No, of course not. Not likely," said Mr. Smith, as he reached the door; but he turned for an instant as his wife gave utterance to her favorite ejaculation—

"Oh!"

For the next two or three weeks, Smith's wife looked very quiet and serious; those little rounded lips of hers were pressed together until they appeared quite thin; and Smith's business pressure seemed to have been increasing of late, for he had not spent an evening at home for a week.

Then there came a night, about twelve o'clock, when Smith, who had been as usual spending the evening with some of his convivial friends, got out of the car at the nearest point to his house, and walked in an intensely straight line in the direction of home, telling himself four times that he was "all right," and then, as if in doubt of the assertion, repeated it over again.

He was perfectly sober—perfectly—he asserted as well, and fit for the company of any lady in the land; and this assertion made, he stood still, looked up at a lamp, and laughed at it heartily.

"Double burners—grea'—'mprovement," said Smith, as he went on, but only to stop and smile at the next lamp post.

"Like me to see you home, sir?" said a policeman, who had been following him for the last few minutes, fortunately for Smith; two rather heavy-looking men also having had their by no means pleasing eyes upon him.

"You're imp'dent scoundrel! Take you number, and report you to-morrow," said Smith, thickly. "No, won't, you're jolly good fler."

The policeman walked a short distance behind and saw him safely to the door of his abode, where Smith rang, holding on by the bell handle.

Five minutes passed, and he rang again, and then again, when a window was opened, and a voice cried:

"What is it?"

"Open door, Sarah," said Smith, thickly.

"Who are you? What do you want?" said the same voice.

"'Sme, Sarah," said Smith, shaking his head to get rid of a misty sensation.

"Get along with you, or I'll call the police," was the response.

The window was shut, and Smith stood staring.

"Come wrong house," he said; and stepping back, he caught sight of two strongly-marked shadows upon the parlor blind, evidently those of a lady and gentleman, the lady's head resting upon the gentleman's shoulder.

"Had one glass more than I ought," said Smith. "Just one. Stupid to come to wrong door."

Then, watched by the policeman, he went to the next door, stared at the number, went back two houses and stared at the number there, and then stepped back to encounter the policeman once more face to face.

"Which's Number 9, pleeceman?" he said.

"That's it, sir," said the man, pointing to the house with the shadows on the blind.

"Course it is," said Smith, smiling more than ever, and as if he had just made a great discovery. "Ring again."

He walked up, staring very hard at the shadows, and then stopped short.

"Who th' doosh is that?" he said.

And then he shook his head and walked close up to the door, and this time the bell rang violently.

The window was opened on the instant.

"Who's there?"

"Me—Mr. Smith," said Smith. "Why don't sh' come and open the door?"

"If you don't go away this minute, I'll call for the police," cried the voice, angrily. "Mr. Smith's been home these four hours, and is in the parlor with Mrs. Smith."

"Say?" said Smith, "whosh lives 'ere?"

"Why, Mr. Smith, of course, you nasty drunken fellow; and now go away directly, or he'll hear you."

Smith started back a few paces, and gazed up again at the window, just as the blind was pushed aside for a moment, and some one looked out. Then the shadows were seen strongly again upon the blind; the lady's arm was raised and laid affectionately on the shoulder of the gentleman, and face met face in a loving kiss.

It was only a short one, but it had a magic power on Smith. He was sober in an instant, and dashed back to the blind from which the shadows were now gone.

What did it mean? Had he conjured up a *fac simile* of himself, or was there really his exact likeness in existence, as he had told his wife; and was she really deceived? The thought was maddening. What had he done—what should he do? Shut out of his own house—another there—confusion—lunacy!

He dashed to the door, tore at the bell madly till the catch was drawn back, when, without stopping to see who opened, he flew along the passage and up four stairs at a time to where stood his wife.

"What is this?" she exclaimed.

"What is this?" he roared. "Stand aside, woman!" And he thrust her against the wall, to dash furiously up to the door, which opened as he reached it, and a man confronted him, at whom he hurled himself madly; but only to have his arms pinned to his side.

"Do you often come home like this, Charley?" fell upon his ears.

"What, you, Will?" cried Smith, gazing in his brother-in-law's face, and then turning to see his wife upon the stairs, holding her handkerchief to her mouth.

"Let's go down to supper, late as it is," she said, recovering herself. "Go on first, Will."

And her brother, wondering, and staring from husband to wife, obeyed her command.

"What—where the—where's that woman Sarah?" gasped Smith.

"Hush, dear," said his wife, leaning upon his arm as he gazed upon her mirthful face—"did you ever hear about the man being 'hoist with his own petard?'"

There are times when it may be wise to fly in a passion, and there are times when it is wise to bear in silence; somehow or another, Smith seemed to think that this was a time for the latter. He had been duped, he knew, but his conscience told him it was deserved, and he only whispered a sentence or two as his wife and he went down.

"Does Will know?"

"Nothing. I asked him here to-night, as I have done for many nights past."

"And that wretch of a woman?"

"She only did as she was told," said Smith's wife; "and after twenty years in our family, I think she can be [illegible]

"But—"

[illegible] however, we can declare that Smith disappeared from bachelor parties; and also that if there is a happy, round, pleasant-looking little woman in the world, it is Smith's wife.

The Inventor—"The crude material, shapeless and inert, becomes, under his hand, and by the exercise of his skill, formed, finished, and endowed with life."

A BRUTE.

Don't read the annexed extract to your wife, young man, because it is likely to make her cry.

The girl is generally educated on novels, and her first disappointment comes in on the quiet indifference of the husband after the honeymoon. "You love me no longer," said a bride of a few months to her better half, in gown and slippers. "Why do you say that, puss?" he asked, quietly, removing a cigar from his lips. "You do not caress me and call me pet names; you no longer seek so anxiously for my company," was the tearful answer. "My dear," continued the aggravating wretch, "did you ever notice a man running after a car? How he does run—over stones, through mud, regardless of everything, till he reaches the car, and he seizes hold and he swings on. Then he quietly seats himself and reads the paper." "And what does that mean?" "An illustration, my dear. The car is as important to the man after he gets in as when he is chasing it, but the manifestation is no longer called for. I would have shot anyone who put himself in my way when in pursuit of you, as I would shoot any one now who would come between us, but as a proof of my love you insist upon my running after the car. Learn to smoke, my dear, and be a philosopher. The two combined will clear the brain, quiet the nerves, open the pores, and improve the digestion."

NATURAL BEAUTY.—All our moral feelings are so interwoven with our intellectual powers that we cannot affect the one without in some degree addressing the other; and, in all high ideas of beauty, it is more than probable that much of the pleasure depends on delicate and untraceable perceptions of fitness, propriety, and relation, which are purely intellectual, and through which we arrive at our noblest ideas of what is commonly and rightly called intellectual beauty. Ideas of beauty are among the noblest which can be presented to the mind, invariably exalting and purifying it according to their degree. And it would appear that we are intended by the Deity to be constantly under their influence, because there is not one single object in nature which is not capable of conveying them, and which, to the rightly-perceiving mind, does not present an incalculably greater number of beautiful than of deformed parts.

MIND AND HEALTH.—The mental condition has far more influence upon the bodily health than is generally supposed. It is no doubt true that ailments of the body cause depressing and morbid conditions of the mind; but it is no less true that sorrowful and disagreeable emotions produce disease in persons who, uninfluenced by them, would be in sound health; or, if disease is not produced, the functions are disordered. Not even physicians always consider the importance of this fact. Agreeable emotions set in motion nervous currents which stimulate blood, brain, and every part of the system into healthful activity; while grief, disappointment of feeling, and brooding over present sorrows or past mistakes depress all the vital forces. To be physically well one must, in general, be happy. The reverse is not always true; one may be happy and cheerful, and yet be a constant sufferer in body.

IT IS A FACT, well attested by experience, that the memory may be seriously injured by pressing upon it too hardly and continuously in early life. A regulated exercise, short of fatigue, is improving to it, but we should refrain from goading it by constant and laborious efforts in early life, and before the instrument is strengthened to its work, or it decays under our hands. Parents and teachers should bear this fact in mind.

FEROCITY and gentleness may be relations. The notes of the dove are but the softened tones of the owl.

THE BOUDOIR

FASHION NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

OUR NEW YORK FASHION LETTER.

JUNE 1st, 1875.

Capricious as is fashion ever represented to be, it must be admitted that just now it has become accommodating in the matter of overskirts; and as if repenting of the threats held out for some time past to deprive us of our loved tunics, the fickle dame, perhaps to make us regret them all the more when they are banished, has given a variety that in grace and beauty have not at any previous time been approached. Fashion and economy, it must be confessed, seldom go hand in hand; still, at the present moment, they appear to have affiliated to a wonderful degree, and ladies never had a better opportunity of making the best of their old silk or poplin skirts, as they may choose an overskirt to suit the necessities of their particular case, paying no heed whatever to their neighbors' new costumes. In the numerous models exhibited we find it a difficult matter to single out any particular ones for special recommendation. No. 3320, in *Smith's Bazaar*, thanks to its great length, will admit of the underskirt being pieced down with any common material, if necessary to use the upper, which is always the freshest part of a half of a worn skirt cut into flounces or pleatings to trim the edge, hardly half a yard of which will be seen.

The tablier style of tunic may be said to be the favorite. They are very long, and looped up slightly at the sides, falling in the front at the distance of about ten inches from the bottom of the dress skirt. The scarves (sashes) that have become so fashionable lately, assist in draping these tabliers gracefully.

The conspicuous feature in many of the newest skirts is the treble or quadruple box-pleat, extending the whole length of the back breadths. This large Watteau pleat is usually lined with thin crinolines to hold it in place, and is still further secured by tapes underneath. It is a pleasing change from the rows of [illegible] breadths, which [illegible] holes, are still preferred by many [illegible] bows. One of the successful inventions in [illegible] skirts mentioned in the last issue of the *Bazaar*, is the arrangement of box-pleats in the back breadth about half way up, so as to throw the fullness to the back, and hold the skirt back without any tying whatever, and which is preferred by many to the Watteau pleat extending the entire length. The number of the pattern is 3417. Price, with cloth model, fifty cents. The summing up of the description of the newest skirts may be given in a few words, as follows:

The front and sides are gored, so that when standing it does not form one single crease. Frequently where the Watteau pleat is formed at the back the tablier is simulated by the trimming, which is brought back to end under the large pleat. The shirred front forming a tablier as seen in costume No. 304, is exceedingly elegant, and with the cloth model as a guide no lady need hesitate to attempt making this shirred tablier. As will be noticed in a preceding article, skirts of dresses are worn even longer than for some time past.

The cuirass form of bodice continues in the height of fashion; it is very becoming as it tends to make the figure appear more slender.

A novel feature will be noticed in many of our waist patterns, which is, the back side form running up to the shoulder seam, instead of at the armhole. The more lengthwise seams there are in a waist, the more slender it will cause the figure to appear.

The corset waist introduced by the house of A. Burdette Smith some time since (No. of pattern 1103) was designed expressly for stout figures, and is at the present moment eagerly adopted by ladies of fashion.

Waist No. 3405, illustrated on this page, while extending in points over the hips, has the back arranged to set out from the figure, and will be appreciated by ladies who cannot, for want of sufficient roundness at this part of the figure, wear the perfectly smooth-fitting basque. Sleeveless basques in the cuirass style will continue in the height of popularity, and are to be worn at least another season studded with jet. Such a waist makes the plainest black silk or black cashmere dress look elegant and dressy.

According to all probability, the era of this convenient and useful polonaise is not ended. Nothing has yet been designed to supercede it, and those who find it best adapted to their figures refuse to abandon this long-favored garment. It has received some modifications; a basque effect appears on most of them. All polonaises are closed down the front, and instead of voluminous drapings at the back, the slight looping and tying produces a simple and elegant effect.

Although basques and overskirts have to a great extent replaced polonaises, those who find the latter either more convenient, comfortable or becoming, may without hesitation wear it.

The Watteau overdress No. 3400 seen on this page, is adapted to guipure net and other open-meshed goods, but may be copied in any material.

The popularity of the dolman still exists, and it will doubtless remain in fashion for a long time. Ladies are of late loth to part with a style possessing the merits of grace and becomingness. The new dolmans are exhibiting a richness of garniture surpassing all that has been lavished upon wraps in years past, being made with embroidery, lace, fringe and passementerie. The shape has been considerably changed since it was first introduced; the front being longer and the back closer fitting. The new crimped moss fringes prove an exceedingly rich garniture for dolmans.

Talmas of thread, guipure, yak, or French lace have the lace placed in horizontal rows, and finished with fringe at the edge. Sometimes these rows are of insertion, alternating with jet galloon, and again are of box-pleated lace alternating with passementerie between each row. In the latter case a foundation must be made of black cashmere of a not too heavy quality. These Talmas look very pretty and dressy over silk costumes. Loose sacques, with the fronts very much longer than the back, are fashionable made of cashmere, embroidered; trimmed with lace and jet.

Military braid is still fashionably used upon outside garments of all kinds. Mantillas of black cashmere, with long square ends in front, ornamented with little pockets, the back either a round or pointed cape, and usually trimmed with jet and lace, is considered one of the most stylish forms of wrap.

Opera cloaks are made in the dolman style and of a creamy-white material; the moss fringes mentioned for black being produced in white also, for those evening wraps either with or without white beads.

The new Louisine silk is barred, or in broken large plaids of creamy white grounds, with the plaids of purple, black, gray and black, mauve, shaded browns, and light wood colors. They are used for overdresses, cuffs, basques, revers and pipings.

New-fashioned grenadines, just imported, have a fine strong wiry mesh with inch-wide stripes of plush; another style is a double stripe in narrow plush.

[For additional Fashion News and Answers to Correspondents, see our regular weekly communication on 8th page from NINON, to whom all communications to receive attention must be addressed.]

3405

This waist used with the over-skirt below is exceedingly elegant, and suitable for every material. Pattern, with cloth model, 50 cents.

This cut represents a watteau gabrielle, intended for house wear. It is a modest and graceful toilet; it is also very appropriate for a morning wrapper. The peculiar grace of this pattern is very evident to all at a glance, yet it is very plain and simple, becoming all style of figures. Requires thirteen yards to trim as the cut, or ten yards to make plain without trimming. Pattern, with cloth model, $1.00.

3512

3320.

The choicest costumes of the season are made from this pattern, and when used with the waist above, nothing can surpass it for neatness and elegance. Requires four yards of twenty-seven inch material. Pattern, with cloth model, 50 cents.

114

The vest is joined in with the under arm seam, thus having the advantage of two garments in one, and though simple and plain, it has a peculiarly graceful effect. Sizes from seven to thirteen years. Requires eight yards of twenty-seven inch goods for ten years. No. of overskirt 3316. Pattern, with cloth model, 25 cents. No. of Jacket, 3507. Pattern, with cloth model, 25 cents.

3406

Breakfast Sacque—No pattern is more eagerly sought than a neat and dressy sacque for morning wear. In this cut we give one of great merit; it is one of the most beautiful shapes, and well calculated to fit any style of figure without trouble; the back is without side forms, being simply laid in one plain box-pleat, left loose below the waist to give spring. Of all the designs for breakfast sacques, we never saw one that could impart so much neatness and grace to the plainest toilet as this one. Requires two and three-quarter yards of twenty-seven inch goods. Pattern, with cloth model, 50 cents.